

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

## NEW SERIES.

### CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

ART. I. A LETTER ON EDUCATION, &c. TO THE EDITOR.....	129	ART. 7. SIR BEVIL.....	136	ART. 11. LETTERS FROM THE NETHERLANDS, No. II.—Bruxelles.....	139
2. REVIEWS: Salmonia.....	130	8. SONNET.....	136	12. LIONEL, a Tale.—Part II.....	140
3. Education of Cats.....	133	9. AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF PANILLA'S VOYAGE.....	136	13. The Alms of the Monks.....	142
4. Portugal Illustrated.....	133	10. REVIEW OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, No. III.—Periodical Press of France—English Journals, &c.....	138	14. THE DRAMA: King's Theatre...English Opera House...Haymarket.....	142
5. G. R. Casse's Narrative.....	134			15. To the Readers of The Literary Chronicle.....	143
6. Parriana.....	135				

9—480.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1828.

8d.

#### A LETTER ON EDUCATION, &c. TO THE EDITOR, WITH FREE REMARKS ON TWO ARTICLES IN THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

[We do not profess to reduce the writings of all our contributors to one standard of doctrine. No two men who think for themselves, think alike on all subjects, yet on all subjects it is desirable that the opinions of those who do think for themselves, however discordant, should be brought before the world. We must hear the many languages and accents of inquiry, or we shall fail to recognise the one over-awing and melodious voice of Truth. For the rest, we remain of our former opinion in spite of the ingenuity of our correspondent.]

SIR—In uniting my regrets with yours, that so little truth has yet been elicited from the abundant discussion which of late years has been given to the principles of education, I feel inclined to attribute this unsatisfying result to the bad spirit in which the question has been too often approached. It is ever thus when personal interests mix themselves up with those high arguments of which the whole intention should be the advancement of intellectual and moral cultivation. Every one comes into the market, as it were, with that particular commodity of learning or science wherewith his education may have most amply furnished him, and accepts the introduction of this question as a challenge to maintain the merit of his commodity in competition with those others of which, in like manner, other men may have happened to possess themselves. Thus we have had classical scholars all on fire in vindication of the learned languages; mathematicians exalting their abstruse studies as alone affording proper exercise and discipline for the reason; men of the world asserting the pre-eminence of general and practical knowledge, and men of letters eloquent in the exclusive recommendation of modern miscellaneous literature. Much virulence and nonsense had been spared on all sides, if these ingenious gentlemen, instead of quarrelling, like hucksters at a fair, for public patronage, would but have given themselves the pains to reflect that so long as the world continues to apportion its esteem, as fairly as its ignorance admits of, to every branch of useful and of elegant study, so long are they secure, each in his line against material or permanent depreciation. There are gratifying symptoms of this growing conviction in the moderated tone of recent writings on this subject; and the sluggish obstacle to every improvement in the rules and endowments of learned corporations has been cleared away, I trust for ever, by the splendid institutions projected or rising in the capital.

Had the writer on education in your journal belonged to any of the prejudiced sets of men above-mentioned, I should certainly not have troubled you with remarks upon his articles. What is written in a narrow and illiberal spirit is most appropriately replied to in a similar vein; and smart attacks on "nonsense verses" and "impossible roots" may be very safely left to the correction of equally smart retorts on "march of intellect" and "useful knowledge." But your essayist is evidently too well acquainted with the strength and weakness of our present academical system, to incur any risk of over-

estimating either; too thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of his age to be either its flatterer or libelist; and above all too justly conscious of his intellectual station ever to feel a mean inducement to mis-state the value of any section in the circle of literature or science. But there is another sort of sinister interest to which arguers on the subject are liable, and of which if I cannot but suspect the operation on the mind of your essayist, I attribute it entirely to the influence of a disposition prevalent with none but generous spirits. This is that inclination to resist the jurisdiction of popular opinion, perhaps inseparable from genius of a cast so unvulgar as to stand above the competence of that tribunal. Extremes meet. The ignorant and servile reject public opinion, from a consciousness of their own imbecility and worthlessness; the wise and good too frequently follow their example, because they have "proposed to themselves a sublime ideal of intellectual excellence and moral purity," which they feel is too exalted to awake in the lewd many, immediate reverence and noble aspirations. The former fly to authority for refuge, because reception of its dictates saves them trouble, and does not cost them any extra prostration of mind. The latter, because it seems, and only seems, to secure a more enlightened and dispassionate arbitrement. The former cling to ancient institutions and foundations, in mere awe of their exterior forms and dignities; the latter at least look on them with less dislike and distrust than on upstart establishments of the kind, on account of that remoteness of origin and unquestionable independence upon all modern opinion, which appear to stamp I know not what of sanctity upon them, and to keep them in a cool and quiet atmosphere of retirement from the sun and dust of every day existence. There are philosophic minds, and of a very high order too, which exhibit width and boldness of principles, contrasted with most timid, vague, unpractical applications of them. Far be it from me to blaspheme the lofty attributes of minds like these, which perhaps the very vastness of their views prevents from fixing any point with exactness. They stand on high like the old temples, when religion was poetical, arresting with their grandeur even the distant gaze, and revealing to the catering devotee their eternal fires and indistinct oracles. But after all, men must descend into the streets again, and mix with men in thoughts and toils, in action and amusement. After all, we must have theatres, and baths, and colleges.

Had your essayist confined himself to presenting his idea of a perfect university, there would probably have been no such contrariety between his notions of perfection and mine as to be worth discussion; but as his article is labelled with the names of the two new London colleges, it must be presumed that it is of these as they exist, or are likely to exist, that he is speaking, and not of the university of Laputa. Now the first characteristic distinction between these and former places of the kind is, that, setting out with no endowments or privileges, they must depend for their support upon the public patronage; whereas, the first practical suggestion of your essayist is, that "the public taste should not be in any degree the standard by which the nature of the instruction imparted should be regulated!" Whose taste then?

He is ready with an answer. that of a "higher order of men, who, though in the age, are not of it, who partake not of its spirit, worship not its idols," &c. Now every one admits it would be vastly desirable that such a class of men should be selected to construct the institutions in question; or supposing, which is sadly to be feared, that no such class of men exists amongst us, that a class of angels should descend in their stead, and purge our new academies of human imperfection. But supposing such a class of men exists, in what way is their existence to be recognised? by what means can they be placed in possession of the power to found a London university? By the patronage of that poor despised PUBLIC, whose taste, it seems, is not to be consulted, but whose taste, I answer, must be consulted by lecturers who, however little men of their age, are nevertheless sufficiently men of the world to feel no vocation for lecturing stone walls and empty benches. Your essayist will surely not endeavour to escape from this embarrassment by proposing that the errors of the public opinion should be rectified by some power above the public, and the resort of pupils to the two new colleges bribed by privileges and immunities independent of their adaptation to the public demand. Assuming, therefore, the necessity of public support, let us ask if that necessity is quite so dire an evil as it seems to have been thought by your essayist. Let us ask if its consequence, with regard to the new colleges, will be really the "imbibing of our worst tastes and feelings, and the entailing them as curses on our children's children?" It may safely be affirmed that the mere variety of subjects on which instruction must be given at these rival institutions precludes the possibility of such a result. Surely there are branches of knowledge which provoke not or encourage any popular prejudice, and of which the cultivation affords the mind a chance at least of acquiring strength sufficient to burst the shackles which encumber it in other fields of inquiry. Thus gradually, but surely, it will struggle towards freedom; the yielding nature of the institution will adapt itself to every change which is demanded by the progress of intelligence, and the retrospect of defects which have been outgrown will afford hope and precedent of farther improvement. It is from this prospect that your essayist turns away, and declares that, "if the question were, whether an institution should be adapted to the spirit of the present age, or of former times; whether the prejudices of the 12th century, or those of the 19th, should be the prejudices which determine its character, there might be considerable doubts in the minds of reasonable men, as to the opinion they should form!"

Quite consistent with the lofty contempt which your essayist expresses for the public opinion, is the following depreciation of the principle which regulates the supply to its demands. "If," he says, "it is not desirable that the public taste should be consulted at all in the matter, then competition is a principle which should be utterly discarded, as one which can produce nothing but mischief." Utterly discarded! That is easier said than done; for even if an union should take place between the London University and King's College, it is plain that the principle of competition must still operate on the



united institution, as, supposing that it does not meet the public demand, there is nothing to prevent a third starting in opposition to it. It is next asserted, by way of an *argumentum ad crumenam*, that "competition between two universities has always raised the price of both of them." Possibly so, when two monopolize instruction between them. Competition between two patent theatres we have known to raise the price of both; but it remains to be shown how this effect can be produced when the field of competition is thrown equally open to all. The remainder of your essayist's attack on competition consists chiefly in calling it an "idol-word," "enjoying a divided godship with utility, civilization, and some half dozen other appellatives, which those who upon general principles object to any thing that is not clearly explained, nevertheless allow to hold their divinity by virtue of the vagueness and mystery that envelop them." Now really if no mystery more impenetrable hangs about the other appellatives than about this one, your essayist must be almost the only man in England to whom they involve any mystery at all. The "sublime and mysterious essence of competition" in this sophisticated age of "civilization" and "utility" is, thank Heaven, tolerably well understood; and, whatever be its incidental mischiefs, as there can be no question whether the principle shall or shall not exist, we have only to decide for ourselves whether we shall abandon or avail ourselves of its advantages. There must be competition, as there must be coal-smoke; and surely it is just as absurd to throw away its benefits on account of its evils, as to refuse to warm our hands because the soot soils our linen.

I had intended, Mr. Editor, to conclude with some remarks upon an article in one of your earlier numbers, entitled "On some Fallacies in our Notions of Education." But agreeing altogether in the principle which it is the main object of that essay to enforce, I think it fitting to postpone any criticism of its details until there shall be time and space before me to unfold, if not with the ingenuity and eloquence of its author, at least with equal earnestness and zeal for truth, my own ideas on this subject. Besides, I am really tired, for the present, of finding faults in the productions of others, a pursuit so little likely to add vigour to the faculty of feeling or of emulating their merits. I am, &c. &c. Q.

## NEW BOOKS.

### SALMONIA.

*Salmonia; or Days of Fly-Fishing.* Post 8vo. pp. 273. London, 1828. Murray.

THIS pleasant little volume is written precisely upon the model of Walton's *Angler*, and possesses much of the easy spirit and elegant simplicity of that popular book, combined with a very much larger proportion of information. It consists of nine days of fly-fishing spent in a variety of scenes upon the English and Scotch streams, (with the exception of one supposed to be passed near the fall of the Traun, in Upper Austria,) and detailed in a series of conversations between four most amiable and fisherman-like persons. Of these, Halieus, corresponding to Isaac Walton's *Piscator*, sustains the oracular part of an old angler, discoursing of the mysteries of his art to three attentive pupils; Poietes, a lover of scenery; Physicus, a natural philosopher; and Ornithier, like our old friend Auceps, a sportsman of another persuasion. Notwithstanding its title, and several most spirited scenes, descriptive of the amusement in all its branches, this treatise presents more attractions to the naturalist than the angler, not from any want of knowledge of this art apparent in the author, but simply because, in place of the minute practical information which a novice in the sport might look for in these pages, we are presented with matter much more interesting to the general reader. The perfect account here given of the anatomy, haunts, and habits of every variety of the genus salmo, from the small speckled inhabitant of the mountain-tarn to the river-salmon and the great lake-trout, must be alike interesting to naturalist and

fly-fisher; but we are also entertained with lively discussions upon many natural objects and phenomena totally unconnected with fly-fishing, though probably suggested in the course of that occupation.

The rivers of Britain have furnished to our author only a small part of his experience; he seems to have fished all the fresh water of Europe from north to south, from east to west; Norway, Sweden, and Siberia, as well as the lakes and rivers of southern Europe, (not excepting the Rhine and Danube, with their tributary streams,) have all, in turns, borne witness to his skill, and suffered doubtless not inconsiderably from his destructive incursions: in his last dialogue, indeed, he transports us into Germany for the purpose of catching a brace of salmon of the species huch, or huchen, found nowhere, he says, but in the Traun. There is certainly a little appearance of ostentation in those details of universal conquest, for which one should think a whole life of fly-fishing would scarce suffice; and yet it appears, (if we are to credit public report, which the style of this book gives us no reason to doubt,) these days of fly-fishing have been culled from one of the most useful and well-spent lives which have adorned the present age. If Sir Humphrey Davy be the author of this volume, we are glad of the circumstance on many accounts; not only as adding an interest and dignity to our favourite amusement, but as affording a most useful lesson of hope and encouragement to the ambitious, yet too often wavering minds of youth, that in entering upon the severest studies or pursuits of manhood, they are not, therefore, severing themselves from the very lightest of those recreations they may have learned to love; that the stream of time, which now runs deep, now shallow, hath ample room both for the laden carrack and the light pleasure-boat to float along its bosom; and that if a part only of the water turns the mill, the remainder, as it shines and rambles through the meadows, does only by comparison, if at all, run to waste.

Our first extract will be the pleasant vindication of angling, with which the volume begins; not that we think this amusement requires any vindication, but we wish to introduce to our readers some very happy verses written by a noble lady in praise of Walton, and the still more poetical piece of prose which concludes the passage we have chosen.

"*Halieus.* I will allow no man, however great a philosopher, or moralist, to abuse an occupation he has not tried; and as well as I remember, this same illustrious person praised the book and the character of the great patriarch of anglers, Isaac Walton."

"*Physicus.* There is another celebrated man, however, who has abused this your patriarch, Lord Byron, and that in terms not very qualified. He calls him, as well as I can recollect, 'a quaint old cruel coxcomb.' I must say, a practice of this great fisherman, where he recommends you to pass the hook through the body of a frog with care, as though you loved him, in order to keep him alive longer, cannot but be considered as cruel."

*Hal.* I do not justify either the expression or the practice of Walton in this instance; but remember I fish only with inanimate baits, or imitations of them, and I will not exhume or expose the ashes of the dead, nor vindicate the memory of Walton, at the expense of Byron, who, like Johnson, was no fisherman: but the moral and religious habits of Walton, his simplicity of manners, and his well-spent life, exonerate him from the charge of cruelty; and the book of a coxcomb would not have been so great a favourite with most persons of refined taste. A noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms, has written some lines in my copy of Walton, which, if you will allow me, I will repeat to you.

"Albeit, gentle angler, I  
Delight not in thy trade,  
Yet in thy pages there doth lie  
So much of quaint simplicity,  
So much of mind,  
Of such good kind,  
That none need be afraid,  
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,  
To be ensnared on thy hook,

"Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear  
With things that seemed most vile before,  
For thou didst on poor subjects rear  
Matter the wisest sage might hear.  
And with a grace,  
That doth efface  
More laboured works, thy simple lore  
Can teach us that thy skilful lines,  
More than the scaly brood confines.

"Our hearts and senses too, we see,  
Rise quickly at thy master hand,  
And ready to be caught by thee  
Are lured to virtue willingly.  
Content and peace,  
With health and ease,  
Walk by thy side. At thy command  
We bid adieu to worldly care,  
And joy in gifts that all may share.

"Gladly, with thee, I pace along,  
And of sweet fancies dream;  
Waiting till some inspired song,  
Within my memory cherished long,  
Comes fairer forth,  
With more of worth;  
Because that time upon its stream  
Feathers and chaff will bear away,  
But give to gems a brighter ray."

And though the charming and intellectual author of this poem is not an angler herself, yet I can quote the example of her lovely daughters to vindicate fly fishing from the charge of cruelty, and to prove that the most delicate and refined minds can take pleasure in this innocent amusement. One of these young ladies, I am told, is a most accomplished and skilful salmon fisher. And if you require a poetical authority against that of Lord Byron, I mention the philosophical and powerful poet of the lakes, and the author of—

"An Orphic tale indeed,  
A tale divine, of high and passionate thoughts,  
To their own music chanted;"

who is a lover both of fly fishing and fly fishermen. Gay's poem you know, and his passionate love for the amusement, which was his principal occupation in the summer at Amesbury; and the late excellent John Tobin, author of the *Honey Moon*, was an ardent angler.

"*Phys.* I am satisfied with your poetical authorities.

"*Hal.* Nay, I can find authorities of all kinds, statesmen, heroes, and philosophers; I can go back to Trajan, who was fond of angling. Nelson was a good fly fisher, and as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand. Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement; so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him, when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, 'My lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly fishing season is over,' as if this were a business of his life. And I am rather reserved in introducing living characters, or I could give a list of the highest names of Britain, belonging to modern times, in science, letters, arts, and arms, who are ornaments of this fraternity, to use the expression borrowed from the freemasonry of our forefathers.

"*Phys.* I do not find much difficulty in understanding why warriors, and even statesmen, fishers of men, many of whom I have known particularly fond of hunting and shooting, should likewise be attached to angling; but I own, I am at a loss to find reasons for a love of this pursuit amongst philosophers and poets.

"*Hal.* The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same: but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterize man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure de-



rived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine."

So much for the attractions of fly-fishing and its ever-pleasing associations. With respect to the degree of cruelty employed in it, we have some doubts; for though to a certain extent convinced of the physical insensibility of fish to pain, arising from their coldness of blood and small allotment of brain, not to mention the very fortunate deficiency of nerves about the mouth and the cartilaginous structure of their jaws and palates, which would almost make one think that nature had created them with a view to their being angled for; yet still, as death is given them in exchange for the amusement they afford, we think the transaction ought to be effected with as much tenderness as possible to their feelings; and, though the remark is droll enough, we cannot agree with Sir Humphrey for a moment, that any fish, (with however little brain,) would consider a hook merely in the light of "a sauce piquante," giving relish and flavour to the bait. As compared with other field sports, there is certainly nothing to be complained of in the circumstance that the degree of sport in fly-fishing is exactly measured by the vivacity and duration of the victim's struggles; this, no doubt, (were it not a trifle in itself,) would be balanced by the fairness of the proceeding, and the considerable chance of escape with which the prisoner is indulged. But there is a practice recommended in this book, with which we are much less inclined to be satisfied, that of crimping fish alive, to improve their flesh at table. It is thus described:

"Hal. He seems fairly tired: I shall bring him in to shore. Now gaff him; strike as near the tail as you can. He is safe; we must prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head to deprive him of sensation, and then give him a transverse cut just below the gills, and crimp him by cutting to the bone on each side, so as almost to divide him into slices; and now hold him by the tail that he may bleed. There is a small spring, I see, close under that bank, which I dare say has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under 50°—place him there, and let him remain for ten minutes, and then carry him to the pot, and let the water and salt boil furiously before you put in a slice, and give time to the water to re-

cover its heat before you throw in another, and so with the whole fish, and leave the head out and throw in the thickest pieces first."

The process by which this improvement takes place is most satisfactorily and scientifically explained, and we have reason, from our own experience, to believe in its reality; but it would have given us much pleasure, at the same time, to be convinced, first, of the possibility of ascertaining in a dumb animal the suspension of all sensation while life remains; and secondly, of the probability that such a circumstance is always nicely attended to by persons who are in the habit of practising this operation.

The descriptions of trout and grayling fishing are admirable, and to the life; but we give the following sketch of salmon-fishing in the Tay as more novel and striking.

"Hal. Well, is your tackle all ready? It is a fine fresh and cloudy morning, with a gentle breeze—a day made for salmon fishing.

[They proceed to the river.]

"Hal. Now, my friends, I give up the two best pools to you till one o'clock; and I shall amuse myself above and below—probably with trout fishing. As there is a promise of a mixed day, with what is rare in this country—a good deal of sunshine, I will examine your flies a little, and point out those I think likely to be useful; or rather, I will show you my flies, and, as you all have duplicates of them, you can each select the fly which I point out, and place it in a part of the book where it may easily be found. First: when the cloud is on, I advise one of these three golden twisted flies, silk bodies, orange, red and pale blue, with red, orange, and gray hackle, golden pheasant's hackle for tail, and kingfisher's and golden pheasant's brown hackle under the wing; beginning with the brightest fly, and changing to the darker one. Should the clouds disappear, and it become bright, change your flies for darker ones, of which I will point out three:—a fly with a brown body and a red cock's hackle, and one with a dun body and black hackle, with a brown mallard's wing. All these flies have, you see, silver twist bodies, and all kingfisher's feather under the wing, and golden pheasant's feather for the tail. For the size of your flies, I recommend the medium size, as the water is small this day; but trying all sizes, from the butterfly size of a hook of half an inch in width, to one of a quarter. Now, Physicus, cast your orange fly into that rapid at the top of the pool; I saw a large fish run there this moment. You fish well, were common trout your object; but, in salmon fishing, you must alter your manner of moving the fly. It must not float quietly down the water; you must allow it to sink a little, and then pull it back by a gentle jerk—not raising it out of the water,—and then let it sink again, till it has been shown in motion, a little below the surface, in every part of your cast. That is right,—he has risen.

"Phys. I hold him. He is a noble fish!

"Hal. He is a large grilse, I see by his play; or a young salmon, of the earliest born this spring. Hold him tight; he will fight hard.

"Phys. There! he springs out of the water! Once, twice, thrice, four times! He is a merry one!

"Hal. He runs against the stream, and will soon be tired,—but do not hurry him. Pull hard now, to prevent him from running round that stone. He comes in. I will gaff him for you. I have him! A goodly fish of this tide. But see, Poietes has a larger fish, at the bottom of the great pool, and is carried down by him almost to the sea.

"Poiet. I cannot hold him! He has run out all my line.

"Hal. I see him: he is hooked foul, and I fear we shall never recover him, for he is going out to sea. Give me the rod,—I will try and turn him; and do you run down to the entrance of the pool, and throw stones, to make him, if possible, run back. Ay! that stone has done good service; he is now running up into the pool again. Now call the fisherman, and tell him to bring a long pole, to keep him, if possible, from the sea. Now you have a good assistant, and I will leave you, for tiring this fish will be at least a work of two hours. He is

not much less than 20lbs. and is hooked under the gills, so that you cannot suffocate him by a straight line. I wish you good fortune; but should he turn sulky, you must not allow him to rest, but make the fisherman move him with the pole again; your chance of killing him depends upon his being kept incessantly in action, so that he may exhaust himself by exercise. I shall go and catch you some river trout, for your dinner;—but I am glad to see, before I take my leave of you, that Ornither has likewise hold of a fish,—and, from his activity, a lusty sea trout.

[He goes, and returns in the afternoon.]

"Hal. Well, Poietes, I hope to see your fish of 20lbs.

"Poiet. Alas! he broke me,—turned sulky, and went to the bottom; and when he was roused again, my line came back without the fly; so that I conclude he had cut my links by rubbing them against some sharp stone. But, since, I have caught two grilse and a sea trout, and lost two others, salmon or grilse, that fairly got the hooks out of their mouths.

"Hal. And, Ornither, what have you done? Well, I see,—a salmon, a grilse, and a sea trout. And Physicus?

"Phys. I have lost three fish; one of which broke me, at the top of the pool, by running amongst the rocks; and I have only one small sea trout."

We regret that it is impossible to give more of these descriptive scenes, for want of room; for which reason we must also omit the interesting accounts of the gillaroo and grayling, and the immense varieties of water flies upon the English streams: (we wish a little more had been said on the art of imitating these latter,) but we must not omit to acknowledge the extreme accuracy and neatness of the little woodcuts which so plentifully embellish the work. We pass on now to the following original observations on some of the most ordinary phenomena of nature.

"Poiet. But it is late, and we must return and compare the crimped trout and salmon; and I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.

"Phys. I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

"Hal. Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

"Phys. The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making, rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have generally observed a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall.

"Hal. I have often observed that the old proverb is correct—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning:  
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?

"Phys. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains, in this climate, are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

"Poiet. I have often observed, that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?

"Hal. Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is al-



most certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

"*Poiet.* I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

"*Orn.* No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave—and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods: and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food, as we agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome,—a great flight appeared on the 3d of April, and the day after heavy rain sat in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

"*Poiet.* The singular connections of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea coast was referred to a spirit or goblin, called *Bucca*, and was supposed to foretel a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air—and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic."

The following anecdote and discussion on the mermaid are excellent. These monsters, though they never lived but in idea, have certainly at last gone the way of all flesh.

"*Hal.* I disbelieve the authenticity of these stories. I do not mean to deny the existence of large marine animals having analogies to the serpent; the conger we know is such an animal: I have seen one nearly ten feet long, and there may be longer ones, but such animals do not come to the surface. The only sea snake which has been examined by naturalists turned out to be a putrid species of shark—the *squalus maximus*. Yet all the newspapers gave accounts of this as a real animal, and endowed it with feet, which do not belong to serpents. And the sea snakes seen by American and Norwegian captains have, I think, generally been a company of porpoises, the rising and sinking of which in lines would give somewhat the appearance of the coils of a snake. The kraken, or island fish, is still more imaginary. I have myself seen immense numbers of enormous *urtica marina*, or blubbers, in the north seas, and in some of the Norwegian fiords, or inland bays, and often these beautiful animals give colour to the water; but it is exceedingly improbable that an animal of this genus should ever be of the size, even of the

whale; its soft materials are little fitted for locomotion, and such an animal would be easily destroyed by every kind of fish. Hands and a finny tail are entirely contrary to the analogy of nature, and I disbelieve the mermaid upon philosophical principles. The dugong and manatee are the only animals combining the functions of mamalia with some of the characters of fishes, that can be imagined even as a link in this part of the order of nature. Many of these stories have been founded upon the long-haired seal seen at a distance, and others on the appearance of the common seal under particular circumstances of light and shade, and some on still more singular circumstances. A worthy baronet, remarkable for his benevolent views and active spirit, has propagated a story of this kind, and he seems to claim for his native country the honour of possessing this extraordinary animal; but the mermaid of Caithness was certainly a gentleman, who happened to be travelling on that wild shore, and who was seen bathing by some young ladies at so great a distance, that not only *genus* but gender was mistaken. I am acquainted with him, and have had the story from his own mouth. He is a young man, fond of geological pursuits, and one day in the middle of August, having fatigued and heated himself by climbing a rock to examine a particular appearance of granite, gave his clothes to his Highland guide, who was taking care of his poney, and descended to the sea. The sun was just setting, and he amused himself for some time by swimming from rock to rock, and having unclipped hair and no cap, he sometimes threw aside his locks, and wrung the water from them on the rocks. He happened the year after to be at Harrowgate, and was sitting at table with two young ladies from Caithness, who were relating to a wondering audience the story of the mermaid they had seen, which had already been published in the newspapers: they described her as she usually is described by poets, as a beautiful animal, with remarkably fair skin, and long green hair. The young gentleman took the liberty, as most of the rest of the company did, to put a few questions to the elder of the two ladies—such as, on what day and precisely where this singular phenomenon had appeared. She had noted down not merely the day, but the hour and minute, and produced a map of the place. Our bather referred to his journal, and showed that a human animal was swimming in the very spot at that very time, who had some of the characters ascribed to the mermaid, but who laid no claim to others, particularly the green hair and fishes tail; but being rather shallow in the face, was glad to have such testimony to the colour of his body beneath his garments.

"*Poiet.* But I do not understand upon what philosophical principles you deny the existence of the mermaid. We are not necessarily acquainted with all the animals that inhabit the bottom of the sea; and I cannot help thinking there must have been some foundation for the fable of the Tritons and Ne-reids.

"*Hal.* Ay; and of the ocean divinities, Neptune and Amphitrite!

"*Poiet.* Now I think you are prejudiced.

"*Hal.* I remember the worthy baronet, whom I just now mentioned, on some one praising the late Sir Joseph Banks very highly, said, 'Sir Joseph was an excellent man—but he had his prejudices.' What were they? said my friend. 'Why, he did not believe in the mermaid.' Pray still consider me as the baronet did Sir Joseph—prejudiced on this subject.

"*Orn.* But give us some reasons for the impossibility of the existence of this animal.

"*Hal.* Nay, I did not say impossibility; I am too much of the school of Isaac Walton to talk of impossibility. It doubtless might please God to make a mermaid; but I do not believe God ever did make a mermaid.

"*Orn.* And why?

"*Hal.* Because wisdom and order are found in all his works, and the parts of animals are always in harmony with each other, and always adapted to certain ends consistent with the analogy of nature; and

a human head, human hands, and human mammae, are wholly inconsistent with a fish's tail. The human head is adapted for an erect posture, and in such a posture an animal with a fish's tail could not swim; and a creature with lungs must be on the surface several times in a day—and the sea is an inconvenient breathing place; and hands are instruments of manufacture—and the depths of the ocean are little fitted for fabricating that mirror which our old prints gave to the mermaid. Such an animal, if created, could not long exist; and, with scarce any locomotive powers, would be the prey of other fishes formed in a manner more suited to their element. I have seen a most absurd fabrication of a mermaid exposed as a show in London, said to have been found in the Chinese seas, and bought for a large sum of money. The head and bust of two different apes were fastened to the lower part of a kipper salmon, which had the fleshy fin, and all the distinct characters of the *salmo salar*.

"*Orn.* And yet there were people who believed this to be a real animal.

"*Hal.* It was insisted on to prove the truth of the Caithness story. But what is there which people will not believe?"

The ninth and last day contains a beautiful description of the waterfall and scenery of the lake Traun, and a most interesting disquisition on the colours of water: but we have only room for the parting words of this amiable and intelligent knot of friends.

"*Hal.* But our horses are ready, and the time of separation arrives. I trust we shall all have a happy meeting in England in the winter. I have made you idlers at home and abroad, but I hope to some purpose; and, I trust, you will confess the time bestowed upon angling has not been thrown away. The most important principle perhaps in life is to have a pursuit—a useful one if possible, and at all events an innocent one. And the scenes you have enjoyed—the contemplations to which they have led, and the exercise in which we have indulged, have, I am sure, been very salutary to the body, and I hope to the mind. I have always found a peculiar effect from this kind of life; it has appeared to bring me back to early times and feelings, and to create again the hopes and happiness of youthful days.

"*Phys.* I felt something like what you described, and were I convinced that in the cultivation of the amusement, these feelings would increase, I would devote myself to it with passion; but I fear in my case this is impossible. Ah! could I recover any thing like that freshness of mind which I possessed at twenty-five, and which, like the dew of the morning, covered all objects and nourished all things that grew, and in which they were more beautiful even than in sunshine,—what would I not give! All that I have gained in an active and not unprofitable life. How well I remember that delightful season, when full of power I sought for power in others; and power was sympathy, and sympathy power. When every voice seemed one of praise and love; when every flower had the bloom and odour of the rose, and every spray or plant seemed either the poet's laurel, or the civic oak—which appeared to offer themselves to my ready and willing hands. But, alas! this cannot be; and even you cannot have two springs in life—though I have no doubt you have fishing days, in which the feelings of youth return, and that your autumn has a more vernal character than mine.

"*Poiet.* I do not think Halieus had ever any season except a perpetual and gentle spring; for the tones of his mind have been always so quiet, it has been so little scorched by sunshine, and so little shaken by winds, that, I think, it may be compared to that sempiternal climate fabled of the Hesperides, where the same trees produced at once buds, leaves, blossoms, and fruits.

"*Hal.* Nay, my friends! spare me a little, spare my gray hairs. I have not perhaps abused my youth as much as some of my friends, but all things that you have known, I have known; and if I have not been so much scorched by the passions from which so many of my acquaintances have suffered, I owe

it rather  
profes  
hopes  
any m  
For n  
God,  
tifully  
arch  
past  
day t  
haun  
vener  
in co  
rian,  
a del  
the sl  
of the

Train  
des  
cel  
NA  
M  
This  
Utili  
from  
as th  
unde  
Com  
prod  
phil  
seer

T  
pass  
cats  
We  
shor  
the  
cour  
Roy  
who  
chin  
amp  
ing  
may  
and  
sma  
in t  
long  
and  
is "  
it.  
of t  
in  
esti  
pea  
The  
nag  
go,  
ges  
for  
and  
hav  
wit  
hay  
hol  
sha  
wh  
the  
in  
six  
cat  
wh  
sh  
ou  
"  
ca  
tir  
ha  
str  
ca  
ta  
ha



it rather to the constant employment of a laborious profession, and to the exertions called for by the hopes, wants, and wishes of a rising family, than to any merits of my own, either moral or constitutional. For my health, I may thank my ancestors, after my God, and I have not squandered what was so bountifully given; and though I do not expect, like our arch patriarch Walton, to number ninety years and past, yet, I hope, as long as I can enjoy in a vernal day the warmth and heat of the sunbeams, still to haunt the streams—following the example of our late venerable friend, the president of the Royal Academy, in company with whom, when he was an octogenarian, I have thrown the fly, caught trout, and enjoyed a delightful day of angling and social amusement, in the shady green meadows by the bright clear streams of the Vandalis."

#### EDUCATION OF CATS.

*Traité Complet sur L'Education Physique et Morale des Chats, suivi de l'Art de guerir les Maladies de cet Animal Domestique.* Par CATHERINE BERNARD, Portière à Paris. Chez L'Auteur Rue des Maçons-Sorbonne, No. 11. 1828. 18mo. pp. 88.

THIS little book forms part of the *Petite Bibliothèque Utile et Amusante*, a collection of treatises appearing from time to time, somewhat on the same principles as the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, announced under the patronage of Mr. Brougham. The *Traité Complet* is indeed a very amusing—a very laughable production, and bears nearly the same relation to a philosophical essay on the human species that Landseer's *Monkeyana* does to historical painting.

The author tells us, in the dedication, that she has passed her sixty-ninth year, and that an affection for cats is the only passion that has entered her soul. We give the old lady the credit either of having a short memory, or else of being too prudent to make the public her confidant. But to return to her account of herself; she says, that if there had been a Royal Humane Society established to reward those who had rescued cats from a watery grave, her chimney-piece would have been decorated with an ample collection of the society's medals. Such being the author's professed qualifications, our readers may well conceive that the work is written *con amore*, and that, with a little prosing, there is a good deal of small information, useful to those who take delight in the society of tabbies. We have, to begin with, a long introduction, to eulogize the species in general; and we are told that their mewing and caterwauling is "most eloquent music," if we did but understand it. Then chapter 1 presents us with a succinct view of the difference of character in the two sexes; and in chapter 2, which contains rules for forming an estimate of their dispositions from their external appearance, we learn that a gray cat is the best mouser. Then follow the chapters on the education and management of the feline race; very good as far as they go, but we are surprised that the author has not suggested the propriety of establishing regular seminaries for cats throughout France, under the superintendence of the government; and as the French seem to have an objection to trust the Frères Ignorantins with the education of their children, they might perhaps feel less reluctance towards employing these holy personages in the rearing of their cats. We shall make an extract or two from those chapters which treat of the medical and chirurgical portion of the subject; because they appear to us to be written in a peculiarly able and scientific manner. The sixth chapter is on the proper time of cropping the cat's tail; a subject of great importance in France, where it is the fashion for cats to wear their tails short; an extraordinary fashion, and one for which our author has not given any satisfactory reason.—"I know," says she, "many ladies who have their cats' tails cropped as soon as they are weaned. The time is ill chosen; it is too early. Accidents may happen, the cat is still too weak, it bleeds, loses strength; a fever is superinduced, which sometimes carries it to the grave.—I have cropped many a cat's tail in my lifetime, and, thank God, I have never had to accuse myself of the death of one of the inno-

cent creatures. I shall be asked, how then have you managed? I answer, I wait till the cat has acquired a little strength, till it feeds itself, and is in a good state of health, which may be discovered by its frolics and nimble boundings. Then I perform the operation, and it is invariably attended with success. However, I would not advise gentle ladies to cut their cats' tails themselves; they cannot grasp the bloody steel; let them leave the operation to hirelings, who may be found lounging about upon the bridges, who for a trifling sum crop the tail, ears, &c. I shall not here describe the operation; I shall only say, that after it is performed, the cat must be kept carefully upon a strict diet for twenty-four hours."—p. 45.

"The plan I pursue in the treatment of the sick is as follows:—I generally buy a light cake such as is given to children. I spread on it a little butter; and in the butter I put sometimes a small pinch of snuff, sometimes a little manna, or bitter apple. An evacuation ensues. I leave my patient quiet for twenty-four hours; during this time I keep it on a diet; on the third day, another biscuit; another evacuation; and the cat is restored to health."—p. 49.

#### PORTUGAL ILLUSTRATED.

*Portugal Illustrated.* By the Rev. WILLIAM M. KINSEY, B. D. 8vo. pp. 504. London, 1828. Treuttel and Wurtz.

THERE is a great deal of affectation and bad feeling in the contempt which Englishmen are everywhere expressing for the recent conduct of the Portuguese Constitutionalists. The people of England must be at least as little able as those Constitutionalists to conceive the advantages of a good government, if they do not perceive that the effects of a bad one must be to enfeeble the spirit and weaken the energies of those who are subjected to it. Yet when the natural and expected result takes place, men affect to stare and be astonished, and utter phrases which would be ridiculed as nonsensical, if they were not to be denounced as odious, about "the very word constitution having become a phrase of reproach," &c. mixed with fierce and contumelious reproaches of the "continental slaves," and "cowards." These foolish talkers pretend that it is impossible to admire the heroes who, under every restraint and discouragement, do put forth an inward power, which circumstances have not been able to extinguish or repress, without hating or despising those who have yielded their necks to the yoke; as if the difficulty of the achievement which gives all the glory to the one, were not the very circumstance which should induce us to feel toleration for the other. No! such declaimers are the men who feel least reverence for true virtue—are the men who are most delighted that they are not called upon to eulogise it—are the men who, on a like occasion, would be the first to imitate the conduct of the traitors they denounce. But this has not much to do with Mr. Kinsey's volume.

This book is brought out at a fortunate moment, and is exceedingly well got up for popularity. The author is evidently a common-place man, very proud of having crossed the bay of Biscay, and sufficiently capable of describing common scenes and common occurrences. To young ladies who wish to know a little about the history of Portugal, a little about the manners of the people, a little about the scenery of the country—who are fond of seeing quotations from Childe Harold at the tops of chapters, and think the better of a gentleman for talking about his sensations—it will be a very acceptable present.

As we do not see what business a traveller has to write the history of a country which he visits, we will pass over the preliminary narrative of the events which have taken place in Portugal from the time of the Phœnician navigators to the accession of Don Miguel, and proceed to the parts of the book which record the author's own observations.

The following account of the Portuguese opera may perhaps be pleasing to the fair readers, whose indulgence we have bespoken for Mr. Kinsey.

"The opera-house is a fine building, with a handsome portico, situated in the square, from which it takes its name. It required only five months for its erection in 1793. The corridors throughout are vaulted, as the staircases also, which lead to the several tiers of boxes; while the vomitories are so numerous and so skilfully distributed, that the interior of the theatre, in case of fire, can be instantaneously cleared. The architect was an Italian, of the name of Joseph da Costa e Silva. The interior contains five tiers of boxes, and upon the ceiling, in an elliptical form, are represented the heavens with the lunar and planetary system. Over the proscenium there is a large clock placed, rather in advance, whose dexter supporter is old Time with his scythe, and the sinister, one of the muses playing on a lyre. A figure of Cupid surmounts the clock. Between the two columns on either side of the stage, are figures representing the comic and the tragic muse. The royal box occupies the entire segment of the circle, cutting perpendicularly the five tiers of boxes, which gives it an elevated and imposing appearance. There are one hundred and twenty boxes; and the pit here, as at Paris and elsewhere, reserved for the accommodation of male spectators, may contain about seven hundred persons; the price of admission being to this part of the theatre half a crusado novo, and for a box on the lower and principal tier, sufficiently capacious to contain five or six chairs, half a moidore, or about ten shillings. The operas are given on the nights of Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday,—generally commencing about half past eight, and concluding before twelve. The ladies appear not to dress for the opera, excepting upon the appearance of some new actor, or at the representation of a novel piece. The custom of the actors stopping to acknowledge the applause of the audience, even in the delivery of an heroic speech, quite destroys the illusion of the whole scene.

"Happily the Portuguese have abandoned their old prejudice against the admission of female actors upon the stage, for we have been charmed with the powers of voice, and the sweetness and flexibility of tone possessed by the Prima Donna, who, in her flattering début, is rivalling that of the celebrated Catalani on this stage. Her mode of giving Don Pedro's constitutional hymn, with variations of her own, was truly enthusiastic, and elicited the thundering plaudits of the whole house. Upon one occasion a military piece was to be represented, and when the curtain drew up, we saw a regiment, composed of females, duly marshalled on the stage. They marched and went through their evolutions with most wonderful precision,—handled their muskets like heroines,—and went through the platoon exercise with exemplary steadiness."

Every body knows that Lisbon is a very dirty place, and Mr. Canning's remarks on the subject were, perhaps, on the whole, as witty and eloquent as Mr. Kinsey's. Of the inns, perhaps, we are not so well informed:—

"The arrangement of an Estalagem is generally to have an open space in front, on one side of which is a door leading into the dark receptacle for the mules,—for it does not deserve the name of a stable—and on the other is a sort of dungeon, dreary and dark, in which are placed, side by side, numerous coarse bags stuffed with straw, or leaves of Indian corn, for muleteers and foot passengers. A stone staircase, invariably covered with filth, and most frequently beset by sturdy and importunate beggars, whose clasped hands and earnest entreaties it is almost impossible to resist, leads up to a landing-place, or eating-room, common to all comers, on either side of which are doors to the different cupboards, for they cannot be called bed-rooms, which, nevertheless, ordinary travellers are content to occupy, or rather share with the native Pessevajos. Such an apartment being 'bem retirado,' is, under the feelings of fatigue, often accepted; but it must serve for bed, baggage, and dressing-room. In most instances it is agreeably situated over the place where the mules are shut in for the night, and there being certain apertures in the floor, the traveller may be said to have a constant eye upon his beast. In ad-



dition to this advantage, another should be recorded as equally contributing to the vigilance and security of man and beast. In order to keep evil spirits at a distance, and to enable them to consume the necessary quantity of food, the mules are left standing at night with a multitude of bells appended to their collars, whose jingling sounds, 'most musical, most melancholy,' form a pleasing interruption to the slumbers of the weary traveller."

In one of the estalagems, the following scene occurred:—

"Mine host ushered us through the large dark room, usually occupied by muleteers, through a filthy kitchen, and then up a ladder into a room that in English would be called a cockloft. This apartment was intended to serve as our dinner-room, and upon one side were three cupboards, in which it was proposed that we should sleep, had there been but the *animus* in us so to do. There were four window-frames in the room, but as glass had never been thought of, we had no other alternative than that of suffering the intrusion of northern blasts, or of inclosing ourselves, while the light of day was yet bright, in utter darkness. The view, however, from the wooden balcony was pretty enough, over the river and along the bridge to the chapel at its further extremity, and a convent beautifully situated in the midst of its quinta, upon the side of a mountain which is immediately opposite the town. The more elevated part of the Serra, of which it forms a branch, is completely bare of all vegetation. A prettily formed fountain upon one side of the estalagem, which supplies the town with water, soothed us during the night with the gentle noise of its falling streams. Beyond this, to the left, situated upon a rising ground, were seen the remains of a church, the long flight of steps leading up to which, with a cross at every ten steps, is still uninjured.

"It happened to be our host's celebration of harvest-home upon the evening of our arrival, and every room but our own was nearly filled with the large yellow and brown heads of the Indian corn. At night a noisy party of rustics assembled in the kitchen to dance and make libations to Ceres. In yielding to an entreaty that we would descend from our apartment and witness the festivities, we only exchanged one scene of filth for another, the latter being rather the more amusing of the twain. The life of the party had already begun to shine forth. An elderly inhabitant from a neighbouring village, whose dark features and large piercing eyes were shaded by the breadth of an enormous slouch hat, such as Murillo would put upon the heads of his peasants, the dark cloak being thrown aside, wearing black gaiters, and sandals of untanned leather—was ready on his legs, with castanets, inviting one from the fair throng to figure off with him to the monotonous tones of a bag-pipe, played upon by a Spaniard, the only wandering musicians allowed in Portugal being natives of Spain, whose appearance altogether was as rough and uncouth as the notes of his instrument were sorry and inharmonious. The scene was worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Jan Steen. Bacalhao, rice, onions, and sardinhas, fried in oil, formed the humble preparations for supper; and on one side of the room was extended a long table, at which some of the guests had already seated themselves, expectant of the more substantial part of the festivity. In a corner sat three of the hinds, eating out of the same wooden bowl a savoury olio, which betrayed no slight suspicion of garlic; and overhead were suspended Lamego hams, strings of onions, dried parcels of herbs and pumpkins, bladders, poles, guns, lamps, baskets, sheep-skins, shoes and stockings of all ages, hues, and quality. The sound of the bag-pipe had now attracted a crowd of spectators to the doors of the room, and therefore we took leave to sound an early retreat, and ascended aloft to enjoy the peculiar comforts in reserve for the travellers.

"The real miseries now commenced, for it was quickly found that the chairs of every date and form, upon which one of the party had directed his mattress to be placed, happened to be particularly infested with that kind of enemy which it was proposed to avoid in giving up the use of the cupboards ad-

joining as sleeping-rooms. Thus, as it generally happens,—

'Incident in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim.'

"Another of the party swang comfortably in his Brazilian hammock, to whose malicious wit the accompanying sketch of the night scene at Ponte de Lima is to be attributed. The other, for whom neither the boasted oil of rosemary, nor spirits of camphor, could procure a few untroubled hours, lay the livelong night watching the ingress of the rats through the crevices in the floor, and the mice at their gambols."

The plates are all tolerably executed, and those by Cooke are excellent, especially the view up the Douro, looking towards Oporto. There are thirty-eight coloured costumes at the end of the volume, and some elegant wood-cut vignettes at the end of each letter.

#### G. R. CASSE'S NARRATIVE.

*Authentic Narrative of the Sufferings of George Richard Casse, as a Prisoner in France during the late War, and of his Escape to the Allied Army near Clermont; with some Particulars of his Apprenticeship at Sea. Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 148. London, 1828. Mason.*

THE following extract, describing some of the last days spent in France by Mr. Casse, is a favourable specimen of a book not remarkable for excellence of any kind. The author is describing his arrival at the quarters of the allied army, then invading France:—

"Having walked about a mile, we perceived a peasant crossing some fields at a little distance; and being anxious to gain some information from him, we made towards him; which when he perceived, he began to take to his heels; so that we were obliged to pursue him as fast as we could, by which means we eventually overtook him. On coming up to him, he appeared much alarmed. After, however, quieting his fears, we demanded of him the direction of the camp, and requested him to conduct us thither. He pointed to a hill a few miles off, and assured us we should find an advanced detachment of Hungarians encamped behind it. The poor man's fears, which our strange appearance had excited, now gave place to curiosity, and in a very submissive and simple manner he requested to know of what country we were; observing, that among the various troops that had invaded his country, he had not noticed any clad as we were. We informed him who we were: this created a laugh, in which we all joined. We then wished him good day, and hastened towards the hill.

"When we were within a quarter of a mile of it, a centinel advanced to meet us, and after having conducted us into the camp, took us before the commanding officer. He was lying stretched on the grass, smoking an enormous Dutch pipe, and holding a book in his hand, which he appeared to be reading. He interrogated us in broken French, and challenged us with being spies. Having answered all his questions, and given him an account of our escape that morning from Riom, and our subsequent adventure at the river, which our appearance fully corroborated, he appeared perfectly satisfied. He then gave us in charge of an inferior officer, giving him at the same time some directions relative to our disposal, and a paper, on which was written something concerning us. This officer then conducted us to another part of the camp, and made signs for us to sit down on the grass. He then left us a short time to ourselves; but soon returned, accompanied by two others, bringing a large piece of meat and bread, and a bottle of brandy; which they set before us. After again leaving us about half an hour, to eat the sweetest morsel I had tasted for upwards of five years, being now no longer under the galling yoke of bondage, or in any dread of prisons and chains; they brought Joseph B—w a waistcoat, and a pair of trousers, and a jacket and trousers for me; so that we were now clothed again. It is true we were not quite so fashionably fitted as probably we

might have been at a tailor's shop in Paris, as my companion found that his legs were rather too long for his trousers, and that his waistcoat was large enough to serve the double purpose of waistcoat and knapsack. My own jacket answered tolerably well; but it was not without much looping and bracing that I could hang on me a large pair of Cossack's trousers, through one of the legs of which I could have crept with ease. I only now wanted a turban to complete my dress; and then I might have passed through this country for *Monsieur le Turc*. Our odd appearance, however, did not in the least diminish, in our estimation, the benevolence of the brave donors, whose conduct towards us I can never revert to without grateful emotions; for had they not in the hour of nakedness and distress, clothed, fed, and protected us?

"Before we departed, they went among their comrades, and collected for us a handful of silver, to the value of about forty English shillings, which they gave us, and likewise made us pack up the remains of our repast, and take it with us. Having expressed our thanks to them as well as signs could do, we departed, rather late in the afternoon, with a mounted escort toward the city of Lyons.

"About five or six miles on the road from the camp, we were met by a general and his aid-de-camp, who detained us for some time in questioning us relative to the position of the French troops, and the disposition of the French people in general. Our answers to these questions appeared to give him much satisfaction. And having spoken in German to our escort about us, (as we supposed,) that he should see that we were well treated, they set spurs to their beautiful horses and rode away. In the course of the afternoon we saw several horsemen scouring about the country, whom we judged to be seeking for plunder. Being a little advanced on the road of our guard, one of these fierce-looking soldiers rode up to us, and setting his eyes on the bundle my companion carried, drew his sword and forced him to deliver it. Our escort at that moment observed him, and galloping up to him, insisted upon his delivering it up to us again; but finding it to contain food he as obstinately persisted in keeping it; and I believe, had we not interfered, by requesting our escort to allow him to have it, the altercation would have been serious. About sun-set we halted at a village to refresh; where we found another detachment of troops encamped. Numbers were employed round large fires in cooking provisions. Such respect had these troops for the very name of Englishmen, that no sooner had they learned that we were of that nation, than numbers of them surrounded us, all eager to shake us by the hand. They soon set before us plenty of good provisions, both roast and boiled, with wine and brandy; and our only fear was lest we should offend them by not taking as much as they wished us.

"The miseries of war, and all the concomitant depredations and inconveniences that an invading army subjects the invaded to, were apparent here. For, notwithstanding the stipulations between the French and the allied army to maintain their troops, it is hardly to be expected that a victorious army can be wholly restrained from plunder; particularly in villages where no local authorities can be found, as in large towns, to interfere. The poor villagers were obliged to allow the troops whatever they demanded; and even to assist them in slaying their own live stock, of every description, for their use. Oxen, sheep, hogs, and poultry were slaughtered in abundance; and cooked at these fires; while the owners of them were obliged to wait on the troops, without daring to utter a complaint.

"The hardships to which they were reduced will appear by the following circumstance: We had seated ourselves on some logs of wood to eat our meat, and our appearance had very naturally excited the curiosity of the villagers, who came round us, and finding we could speak to them, asked us a great many questions; but the increasing number of our guests beginning to be rather troublesome, we desired them to withdraw. One of our Hungarian friends observing that their company was not agreeable to



us, drew his sword, and, with the flat part of it, began to lay it about them in such a manner, that our visitors, taking the rough hint, were soon cleared from our dining-room, and betook themselves to flight in all directions.

"After about an hour's rest we again set forward. We passed another general officer, who questioned us much in the same manner as did the former. Soon after followed the main body of the army. To form some idea of the number, we were full four hours in passing infantry, horse, and artillery; the whole of which so completely occupied a very wide road as to leave us scarcely room to pass. Nor had all passed the town when we arrived. We also saw how absolutely necessary to our safety it was to have an escort, the soldiers taking us for Frenchmen; on which account we had to endure their general execration, and sometimes were driven quite off the road with their muskets, although our escort, (as well as ourselves, in imitation of them,) were constantly repeating the word 'Englishers,' or 'they are Englishmen.'"

#### PARRIANA.

*Parriana; or, Notices of the Rev. S. Parr, LL. D. Collected from various Sources in Printing and in MSS., and partly written by E. H. BARKER, of*

Thetford, Norfolk. pp. 662. 1828. Colburn.

CONSIDERING that Mr. Barker is a quiet recluse, living at some unheard-of place in Norfolk, out of the reach of modern refinements, he certainly shows a very respectable knowledge of the art and mystery of bookmaking. We have seen other feats of his in this line, which convinced us that he was no ordinary man; but in the present volume he has eclipsed all rival professors and himself to boot. It has struck Mr. Barker that although Dr. Parr was undoubtedly a very gigantic person, the second of that class who has given immortality to Warwick—yet that owing to the trophies of his gentry being scattered about, and some of them in very obscure places, careless and sceptical people may have been tempted to question all the mighty things that are recorded of his strength and prowess. To put to silence and shame all such doubters—to show that this immortal man was something more than the greatest reader and smoker—to prove, in short, that he was worthy to be the friend of Mr. Barker—he of East Thetford has compiled this extensive octavo! A more decisive answer to all the disparaging comments which some men, not having the fear of God before their eyes, have ventured to pass upon the mighty Grecian can scarcely be considered; for of what does it consist? Not of a dull list of his immortal works; not of trivial fond records of his immortal conversations, but of all the panegyrics that have been written upon his memory for the last twenty years. Listen while we repeat the names of the illustrious persons who have delighted to honour the author of *Bellendenus*. We are convinced that our readers will pause instinctively at the mention of each one of the distinguished fraternity—THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE! MISS SEWARD, the author of a volume of letters!! MR. STEWART, who wrote an elegant poem on the Resurrection!!! THE LADY'S MAGAZINE!!!! MR. FIELD, of Warwick!!!! and THE BIRMINGHAM CHRONICLE!!!!!! Now all these gentlemen and ladies testify upon their oaths—and after undergoing the severest cross examination from Mr. Barker, that to the best of their knowledge and belief, Dr. Parr was a very great man indeed. This we think decides the question.

Still in this doubting age, when men actually require to see before they will believe, we shall find mocking spirits whom even this host of witnesses will not satisfy. Such people will demand,—and though a friend of Dr. Parr's should, and no doubt would refuse an answer to a question so impertinent, yet there is no preventing its being put—such people, we say, will continue to ask what has become of Dr. Parr? He *was* a great man perhaps, but where is he? What words that he ever uttered—what words that he ever spoke, connect themselves with his name, and revive in our memories when it is mentioned?

He had a tremendous power of grasping a subject—show us one subject on which he has left any marks of his grasp; he had a tremendous power of crushing an opponent; show us one creature who bears any mark of punishment which he inflicted? "his style had all the richness of Burke," with the strength, flexibility, &c. &c. of we know not who besides; where has that style been applied to the exposition or elucidation of any single truth? We ask for memorials of his genius, and you repeat us conversations which are confessedly worthless in themselves, and only valuable as the utterances of a great man; we ask, where that greatness is manifested, and you give us a Latin preface, which, at the same moment, you tell us, must not be taken as a measure of what he was capable; we conjure you, for the third time, to furnish us with some evidence of what he could do, and you favour us with a dozen epitaphs, and with this, at last, we must be content. He lives in the churchyards, his immortality is among the tombs!

This, we say, is what some, envious of the great talents of Dr. Parr, will say—But surely they will hold their peace when we remind them of his extraordinary memory. Was there any thing ever known like that? The devil's advocate is ready with his answer even to this argument. Memory, he will say, is a good and a great gift, but memory of what sort? Not, we apprehend a mere lumber-room memory, into which every thing is tossed at random, and where all things lie in heaps, a memory in which an idea of *Æschylus* or *Shakspeare* occupies, perhaps the next compartment to a mere word or phrase of some unknown driveller; a memory which is infinitely proud of being able to determine the precise page of the precise volume of *Athenæus* or *Muratori*, which holds a fact not worth knowing, but a memory which has been educated and disciplined by the reason—the memory which Mr. Coleridge has so admirably described—as depending in a great measure upon our clear sense of the subjection of "individuals to species and species to genera." If Dr. Parr had this memory, where are the proofs of it, and why do his eulogists persist in quoting facts which seem to indicate that of a total opposite description; and if he had it not, his mind was not one whit the better for possessing all the qualities of a sponge.

There are some persons whom no arguments will convince, and therefore even when we add to our former reasons for admiring Dr. Parr, that though a churchman, he was a liberal politician, they would, we dare say, reply somewhat to this effect: that certainly it is well to hold liberal opinions in politics; and better still to hold them in spite of temptations to the reverse, but that before such a circumstance can be taken in proof of a man's possessing a strong *intellect*, it is needful to examine what these liberal opinions were; that of all opinions, those which it requires least strength of mind to take up and hold fast are the very opinions of which Dr. Parr was the champion; that Whiggism being a system of qualifications and contradictions, however well it may befit members of the House of Commons and men in active life generally, who are not expected to recur to any defined principles, but merely to carry on a war of *posts*, becomes excessively ridiculous in the hands of a studious man who is constantly obliged to exhibit the entire map of his opinions with all their rugged and swampy places; and that no clear thinker ever could endure to be talking all his life of a proper esteem for the *reasonable* prerogatives of the crown qualified by a *due* regard to the just rights of the people; or to run on with all those other Whig phrases which by an act of overcaution are always so introduced that they neutralise each other though each by itself is sufficiently innocent of meaning. Hence whatever evidence it may furnish of Dr. Parr's attachment to his friends, or of his consistency in using the language to which he had been accustomed, it can scarcely, they will urge, be alleged as an evidence of his being a great man, that he professed this creed.—As we are in the habit of hearing these cavils against the fame of the GREAT DR. PARR, we have thought it our duty to set them

down, if it be only that our readers may see how very little foundation there is for them; and the same feeling of respect for his memory induces us to complain most bitterly of the way in which, in one particular at least, he has been dealt with by his friends. Is it not very hard that every little trait of common good nature, such as we have no doubt were the ordinary stuff of his existence, should be quoted and set down by his biographer as if it were a remarkable exception to the general tenor of his character? Is it not doubly hard that it should be introduced with such phrases as these:—"Any such instances of kindness in such a man as Dr. Parr ought to be carefully recorded;" thereby implying either that a great man was not likely to be kind-hearted, which we all know to be monstrous, as there are no persons so habitually and uniformly kind-hearted as great men, or else that he was not a great man, and that he stands in need of every waif and stray that he can pick up to eke out his reputation? Who, for instance, would not be indignant at any such instance of "evangelical charity" as the following quoted of any dear friend of theirs. It is taken from an account of Dr. Parr, by Mr. Stewart:—

"Parr and I were on a visit, about twenty miles from Hatton. One day we were sumptuously regaled with part of a fat buck, from the park of a neighbouring nobleman. The dish was in high repute with the doctor, and the flattering politeness of the donor, the cordiality of our host, and the excellence of the venison, combined to make Parr more than usually brilliant over this favourite repast. He left table in one of his happiest tempers. During coffee he placed himself on a sofa, among a bevy of young ladies, and in his loudest key, summoning me from the opposite end of the room, thundered forth, 'Stewart, do you mean to play the fool to-night?' 'No, doctor, I do not feel inclined.' 'I don't believe you, and for two reasons; the first is, because you are an Irishman; the second is, because you are a man of genius. As for myself, I hope I shall play the fool as long as I live.' Soon after, the card-tables were arranged. Parr sat down to his rubber, and, unluckily, had for partner a person, who presumed too much on the doctor's attachment to him. Upon his scientific precision at whist Parr prided himself not a little. It was the laudable pride of a man, whose mind prompted, and whose abilities justified him in seeking to excel at every thing which required combination of ideas and accuracy in their exercise. I think I never saw a genuine, fame-loving whist player except Parr. Victory was his sole aim. The spoils of it he left to others. One rubber always amused him; he seldom played a second; he paid always when he lost; he never accepted payment when he won, in so far as I have seen him. It so happened that upon the night in question Parr's partner ruinously finessed, and Parr remonstrated. The former, who had hoped to 'shadow himself with laurels,' felt compelled, on the contrary, to 'pass under the yoke.' To extenuate his own disgrace, he flew at a noble quarry, and made a sharp and offensive retort. As he waxed warmer, Parr became cooler, until the latter had finally reasoned down his temper to the most enviable repose. For some time he remained silent, but it was an eloquent silence, felt as well as seen; and when at last he did speak, in place of the terrible chastisement fairly earned, and by me anticipated, Parr coolly reviewed and pointedly censured his faults, both of play and temper, demonstrated, triumphantly, his egregious blunders in each, and made him the slave of his pity rather than his anger. Nothing ever exalted Parr more in my estimation than his behaviour on this occasion. He was imperturbably resolute that no provocations should make him descend from the dignified attitude he had assumed; and he distinctly shewed the aggressor, that while he could not wink at his impudence, yet he freely forgave it. He knew the feebleness of his assailant, and he spared him. The integrity and benevolence of Parr's nature furnished truly a beautiful exemplification of that evangelical charity, which ranks deservedly as the first of the virtues."

A still more remarkable event occurred in the



course of Mr. Stewart's acquaintance with Dr. Parr. The great Grecian once pressed him to take some brandy in his tea! But it would be wrong to trust such a fact to our weak powers of narration: hear Mr. Stewart himself.

"The period was now arrived, when I was constrained to bid farewell, for a time, to the hospitalities of Hatton-Parsonage. It was the week after Christmas, and the ground was coated with frost and snow. From the moment I fixed my departure, the Doctor became singularly interested for the safety and comfort of my journey; urging the inclemency of the season, and enjoining repeated precautions against it. The cold of that winter (1820.) was very intense. The day before we parted, he boldly attacked me on this point:—'Now, my friend, I am unreasonable and despotic enough to demand of you implicit obedience in two particulars, about neither of which I will explain a word until full obedience is promised. Yes, you may look—' (here I smiled) 'that will serve you nothing. Promise, promise, Sir. I must have it. It is true I keep you in darkness; but a chain is equally strong, equally binding, whether worn in darkness or sunshine; perhaps it is even more felt, stronger, in the latter case.' 'At once I promise.' 'Good!—then you assure me that you will take half a glass of brandy in your latest cup of tea tomorrow morning, before you enter the coach!—Will you?' 'Why, I never before have done so; to gratify your wishes, I will try a little.' 'No, no! do promise me you will take half a wine-glass full.' 'Well, my considerate guardian, positively I will.' 'That's right, now—that's right. Come, agree to my second stipulation.' 'It's nature?' 'Wear two waistcoats, or two shirts, which of these you prefer, during your journey. Your society has been pleasing—more than that, it is agreeable to me. I am anxious for your welfare. I know my present injunction to be most salutary in travelling. Do you promise to observe it?' 'I do.'—And Parr actually seemed to be made happy by my acquiescence; and terminated the negotiation by the impressive—'Now, remember.'"

Mr. Stewart is so much the most particular of Dr. Parr's biographers, that we will quote again from him. Our readers must be dying to hear in what posture Dr. Parr wrote those innumerable volumes that stock our libraries. We will tell them.

"The Doctor's usual seat was an ordinary elbow-chair, with an indifferent green cushion, and placed with the back to the windows. I think he occasionally used a sofa, for the convenience of supporting his leg, which for years had been a victim to erysipelas. His morning-dress, until about two o'clock, was a dingy suit of brownish black, clerical stockings, hanging in wrinkles, easy shoes, and a well-worn, red night-cap. His faithful pipe was ever at his side, as well as his tiny table, candlestick, and fuses. His favourite posture was leaning backwards; and when on active duty, his pipe was displayed between two fingers.

"The *beau ideal* of a dandy-penman would shrug his shoulders to contemplate Parr's writing-apparatus and materials. In that library he could meet with no splendid writing-table, nor desk of satin-wood inlaid with silver or ivory; nor tortoise-shell inkstand with burnished appendages. Parr contemned every thing of the sort. He never wrote upon any kind of desk; he always laid his paper flat on the table; there was no other preparation. Upon a long deal-table, whose site was between the windows, commonly stood a supply of ragged-edged foolscap, and which Parr could convert, with the dexterity of a juggler, into the *pabulum proprium pennæ*. The mode of operation was this;—when he himself was to be the scribe, this foolscap was transferred to the round table, which stood in the centre of the room. He would then detach a sheet, pass it neatly and lightly between his lips, divide it, fold up each leaf double, and thus you had in a moment, the sheet of foolscap transformed into something like two passable sheets of pigmy letter-paper, with all its roughness preserved. There was no occasion for paper-cutters or penknives. The inkstand was *en suite*: it was, I think, of tin; but so battered and grim from

age and service, that its original composition was doubtful. The stumps it usually contained, were sacred to the doctor's hieroglyphics; few beside could use them. A bundle of pens was mostly thrown down for any other writer's use, and a box of wafers and a wafer-seal, a stick of wax and Parr's own armorial signet, were at your option. What a homely spledid contrast to Mrs. Parr's writing-apparatus in the adjoining room!"

We ought to mention that Mr. Barker's book abounds, not merely in anecdotes of Dr. Parr, some of them as valuable as those we have quoted; but also in accounts of letters of the author's other friends, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Fearn, Mr. Thomas Taylor, &c. &c.: and that our readers will have the opportunity of perusing in it sundry extracts from popular English writers, and an entire paper from a curious and obsolete work called the Spectator.

#### SIR BEVIL.

"I love a ballad in print, a' life; for then we are sure they are true."—WINTER'S TALE.

"On! on! they are shrinking! the victory's ours!  
To earth with the roundheads, my bold cavaliers!"  
So shouted Sir Bevil\*, and charged with his powers,  
And furious for king and for church were the cheers.  
In front of the battle far lightened his steel,  
Like the flash that comes forth from a storm-laden cloud;  
While his charger sprang fierce at the stroke of his heel,  
And before its hot rushing the bravest were bowed.  
When, scattered like weeds, on the billows they fly,  
Still Bevil pursues them as close as their fears,  
Still swells o'er the trampling of thousands his cry,  
"To earth with the roundheads, my bold cavaliers."

But soon hurried onward his troopers before,  
Alone 'mid his foemen the chase he pursued,  
His steed's fainting limbs were all clotted with gore,  
And his sword and his gauntlet with carnage imbued.

Then rang the report, from his charger he reeled,  
And his proud head sank heavily down to the plain,  
'Mid the corpses his arm had laid low on the field,  
Hot in victory's flush he was joined to the slain.

The rebels' last shot scarce had hurried to death  
The best and the bravest of Charles's array,  
Till thundered his troopers along the wide heath,  
And tracked by the slaughtered his conquering way.

Quick-panting and wearied, his rein on the ground,  
Above him his charger all mournfully hung,  
And headless the trunk that the cavaliers found,  
And empty the casque that beside it was flung.

Then leaped from their horses that sorrowful throng,  
And sought for the head of the brave and the proud,  
They sought for it wide and they sought for it long,  
But they found not the head to whose voice they had bowed.

His corse by his followers raised from the earth,  
And borne in the pomp, and the trappings of woe,  
To the home of his childhood, the place of his birth†,  
'Mid the bones of his fathers was sepulchred low.

In that church-yard of Stowe, when the yew at midnight  
Spreads a shade o'er the graves, while the owl is screaming,

When flits from the dust of its coffin the sprite,  
And pale o'er the tombstones death-torches are gleaming;

When witches are marking the mystical hour  
To cull the dark leaves under gibbets that grow,  
When spirits of evil go forth in their power,  
And sinners awaking bewail them in woe;

Then breaks from the vaults of that charnel a sound,  
Like the roaring of winds on the billows of ocean;  
To the shriek and the trampling far shudders the ground,  
And the tall tower rocks o'er the stormy commotion.

It swells like the charge of a host in array;  
From its niche topples downward each image of stone;

And the bones that incoffined for centuries lay  
'Mid the gloom of their sepulchres tremble and groan.

\* Sir Bevil Granville, killed at the battle of Lansdowne, fighting for Charles.

† Stowe, on the northern coast of Cornwall.

The stars shrink away from their home of the sky,  
And darkness o'er earth as a pall is unfurled;  
Save where a red meteor forth flashes on high,  
Like the prince of the air rushing over the world.

From the church's high portal a spectre appears,  
And a blood-spotted steed like a warrior he reins,  
Dark spotted with blood is the cuirass he wears,  
And his sword glimmers faintly through blood-dripping stains.

Gigantic the courser, gigantic the form  
That spurs to the utmost its hurricane speed,  
But headless the horseman who rides in the storm,  
While his neck gushes gore at each bound of the steed.

On! on! through the tempest, o'er steep and o'er vale,  
Through the lake and the river it hurries him fast,  
The clang of its hoofs ringing loud on the gale,  
In its eye-balls a flame, in its nostrils a blast.

Then woe to the wretch who shall cumber the path  
Where rushes Sir Bevil in furious career,  
He shall feel but one stroke from the arm of his wrath,  
And he who has felt it no second will fear.

On! on! over valley, and forest, and heath,  
The moor and the mountain, the field and the ford,  
That courser of darkness ne'er pauses for breath,  
In the hand of the spectre still flashes his sword.

They pass and—if sooth were the legends of yore—  
Rush furious away to the field of the slain,  
Where Granville was hurled to the sod in his gore,  
And headless his body was left on the plain.

But bootless the search, and again he careers  
To the gloom of his charnel ere morning is gray,  
Again at deep midnight the spirit appears,  
And breaks on his shadowy courser away. s.

#### SONNET.

If to be happy were but to entrance  
The mind with beauty in all nature glowing,  
To mark with love that mocks all utterance,  
Earth's cloyless charms and ocean's untired flowing,  
Yea with the mountains and the stars to hold  
An inarticulate converse, yet revealing  
Deep truths man's words or volumes never told  
Till the soul quivers reedlike with much feeling:  
If this were to be happy, there were none  
More blessed than I; but these are mockery  
To things of clay, whose little life soon done,  
Seems nought beside their fixed eternity.  
Turn then to man, thy bliss thence only know,  
Sharing his joy, or solacing his woe. z.

#### AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF POPANILLA'S VOYAGE.

THE inhabitants of Hubbabub are doubtlessly the worst-lodged wretches in the world. And this is altogether owing to those admirable laws which have secured to them the wonder and applause of the universe. One enactment *protects* them by extravagant fines from the mischievous use of stone, or other durable material, another directs the stoppage of all inlets of light and air, and a third enjoins the exclusive use of rotten fir-timber, which is imported for this purpose from the other hemisphere. Consequently on these wise and salutary regulations, every house in Hubbabub (a few districts excepted,) is ricketty, dark, and full of vermin.

Under these circumstances, it was natural and fitting that the inconveniences of habitation which were laboured under by their king, should call forth the universal sympathy. Only four or five of the few good houses in Hubbabub had been allotted for his sole accommodation, with about an equal number of the largest and most splendid rural residences in its neighbourhood. Moreover, he had built himself a porcelain palace, on the model of a Brobdignag tea-pot; with sundry little off-shoots and excrescences, of which the patterns and the gilding exhibited the most minute conformity with the newest style of Staffordshire china. Besides, the tasteful stuccocrat indemnified himself for the aforesaid contracted scale of his lodging, by renewing the whole external and internal decorations of all his town and country houses every season. But all this was not enough to satisfy the generous and loyal men of Hubbabub, who, over and above the natural and reasonable af-



fection which they gloried to entertain for their sovereign, were just at this moment overflowing with gratitude for a splendid new street which the stuccocrat had built them, and for which he had paid, out of their pockets, only four times as much as he had led them to expect. Animated with these harmonious feelings, they poured them forth at the foot of the throne, as follows:—

"Glory and admiration of a people, itself the glory and admiration, defence and consternation, of the universal Earth and Sea! Defender of Fillagree, Dread Sovereign of Stucco, by the grace of God Me-cænas of hodmen! behold the King of Huns, the Cæsar of Cossacks, and the Commander of the Faithful, are much better lodged than you are! Wherefore, let the Commissioners of Waste and Folly be commanded to apply forthwith to your Majesty's grand council of Depredation and Corruption, and obtain from them (that is from us,) the requisite funds for the commencement and completion of this truly national undertaking. So shall foreign nations view with envy the unparalleled wealth and splendour of Vraibleusia, and your Majesty's faithful subjects shall retire to their lanes and alleys, from the contemplation of your Majesty's New Palace, more than ever satisfied of the manifold blessings which they enjoy beneath your Majesty's sway."

The monarch, who had ever been distinguished throughout his long, magnanimous, and rather expensive reign, for consulting the opinion and the welfare of his subjects, in preference to his own sensual and selfish indulgences, was induced, by pure benevolence, to comply with their wishes. Accordingly, he sent for his chief architect, Hackandhash, and commanded him to lay before the council aforesaid, accounts of the expense required for whitewashing and painting an old town-house of his Majesty, which was rather out of order. Having got as much money as he could for these purposes, he was next desired to pull the house down, as the most eligible preliminary step towards repairing it.

Hackandhash was the fittest man in the world for the work which he was now engaged in. He had been all his life employed in finding tricks and contrivances, whereby corners of streets might be rounded at their angles, dead walls and livery stables rendered ornamental, and shop-windows pillared in the manner of the Parthenon. He was, therefore, fully qualified to build upon a scale where all his petty arts and make-shifts would be worse than thrown away. His taste was of the same lath-and-plaster character as his materials; he was, consequently, fit to work in stone, and for centuries. Moreover, he had a noble contempt for models, measurements, and estimates; and, therefore, was most worthy to be intrusted with the irresponsible application of the public money, and with the construction of those colossal public edifices, of which the grandeur and effect are not dependent on a miserable minute accuracy of detail, but are rather enhanced than otherwise, by that indefiniteness of outline and majestic disproportion of parts, which constitute so primary and indispensable an element of the sublime.

The New Palace rose with unexampled celerity, in fact, with more of haste than good speed. The grounds exhibited freaks of invention no less various than the edifice.

"Item—a large pond of water, or basin, Where the royal Narcissus may see his dear face in, Ere he rove 'mong the pyramids, temples, and ditches, Where Naiads and Cupids are seen without breeches, (For such things in the west are allowed, and thought pretty, Though Naiads and Cupids daren't go in the city,) Who preside o'er the fountains, the promenades, and rides, (And 'twould puzzle old Harry to tell what besides,) Which lead from the hill, the magnificent mound, Thrown up in the garden, full half a mile round, Thickly planted with trees, and as high as a steeple, To protect from the breeze and to hide from the people The much-talked-of wings, which, by estimate round, Are said to have cost forty-two thousand pound, And which, not quite according with royalty's taste, Are doomed to come down, and be laid into waste."

But they touch not the beautiful ball in the cup, Which the tasteful Committee in wisdom set up On the top of the palace that N—h built\*."

But Hackandhash had committed worse blunders than building up of wings to pull down again, and capping the whole with a cupola no bigger than a cricket-ball. He had run himself out of cash before the work was half completed, and the grand council, he knew well enough, would vote no farther supplies. What was to be done? By great luck, a good round sum was lying in the treasury, which, only being destined to the payment of a just debt, was seized without scruple, (though with secrecy,) and paid over to the commissioners of Waste and Folly, under whose auspices the work of demolition and re-edification went on again as merrily as ever. But somehow or other the affair got wind, and did not strike the good Vraibleusian people in exactly the same light as their stuccocracy. Neither foreigners nor natives had been quite so much delighted with the display of court *taste* as was anticipated, and this detection of court *honesty* was all that was wanting to set Hubbabub completely in a hubbub.

"What will be the end of all this noise?" asked Popanilla, of his little friend, the secretary. [See the voyage.]

"Oh, nothing!" replied the secretary, "exactly nothing at all. The job will give a quarter's work perhaps to a committee, and a night's talk to the declaimers of our honourable palaverment. The debate will leave no record but an old file of newspapers; and the report will find polite circumlocutions for a bungling and swindling transaction; while it acknowledges, in a style correct and gentleman-like, the perfect skill and honesty of all parties concerned."

"But what will public opinion say?" demanded Popanilla, which I hear so much about this country.

"Oh, really! as for public opinion," said the secretary, "upon my soul, I'm the last person in the world to answer questions. Public opinion has nothing at all to do with my department. But if you are curious to hear more about the matter, you can come along with me to the committee."

"But how shall I get in?" said Popanilla. "Your committees are conscious enough of the necessity of secrecy to the comfort of their functions, to exclude the impertinence of popular scrutiny."

"Oh! we'll call you as a witness," said the secretary. "You know at least as much about the matter as some of those who will probably be examined; or if you don't, you can invent something quite as near the truth as will be the evidence of some who *know more*."

"On arriving at the committee-room, they found an elderly gentleman established in an arm-chair, and reading a newspaper. The secretary told Popanilla that this was the chairman, who, but for their entrance, would probably have enjoyed his leathern convenience and literary leisure the whole morning. One or two other members, however, dropped in successively, and proceeding to business, the architect Hackandhash was called up and examined as follows.

"You are the architect employed in the erection of the new palace?"—"I am."

"Various alterations have been made in the plan since the building was begun, have they not?"

"They have."

"From what cause?"

"I had no idea that the wings would look so ill until they were built. I have been obliged to alter them, in consequence, to the same height as the rest of the edifice."

"What will be the expense of this alteration?"

"About 50,000 pink-shells."

"Are you disappointed in the effect produced by any other part of the building?"

"Yes; I neither meant nor expected that the dome on the top should be seen from behind, and I must acknowledge that the effect produced thereby is very bad."

"What is the use of the dome? Is it the means of lighting some splendid state room below?"

"Oh, dear no! it admits no light at all, and is only the roof of a common bed-room in the attic story."

"Then it is as useless in its interior as you have acknowledged it to be offensive in its exterior."

"Exactly so."

"How did it happen that you were so mistaken as to the effect that might be expected; you made, we presume, models of the wings, &c. before you erected them?"

"I never cramp my genius by the use of any such mechanical means."

"You are paid, we understand, 500 pink-shells per annum, and three per cent. besides upon all work done?"

"Not exactly. Since the commencement of the palace, I have, at my own request, relinquished the 500 pink-shells, and received, in lieu thereof, five per cent. upon the amount of the work."

"Your salary must have been greatly increased by that arrangement. Upon what plea did you demand this increase?"

"On the plea that the work being one of great responsibility, and of which I should have the entire charge in all its details, some extra emolument should be given me to recompense me for the trouble of personally inspecting every thing, and seeing that it was done in the best and most satisfactory manner."

"By 'best and most satisfactory,' the committee are to understand you to mean, that you take care that every thing is done in the most extravagant and expensive way possible?"

"Certainly, as a general rule. There is, however, an exception, which, as it is a solitary one, I shall not be long in stating. More marble was wanted than the whole city of Hubbabub could supply; so, instead of going to the three great importers, and paying them a monopoly price, as I might naturally be expected to have done, I took the unprecedented trouble to import some for myself."

"And for that you no doubt consider yourself entitled to great praise?"

"Undoubtedly I do."

"Are the architects employed in public works ever thwarted or interfered with in the execution of their designs?"

"Constantly. Of my own case I dare not venture to speak; but in the case of a brother architect, who had the building of the new offices for the Boards of Trash and Trumpery, his plans have been so altered, squeezed, and flattened by the noble lords who have successively been at the head of those departments, that he would now be ashamed to acknowledge them."

"Were the persons who made the alterations you speak of possessed of any degree of architectural skill or experience?"

"Not the smallest. Witness the samples they have given."

"You have not mentioned what was the amount of your estimate for the erection of the new palace. Can you state it?"

"It was about 252,000 pink-shells."

"Will the actual expense exceed that sum?"

"I should think that it will be something short of double."

"What has occasioned so enormous an excess over the estimate?"

"Really I cannot say; I have nothing to do with the estimate beyond the making it out."

"Whose business is it, then, to see that the expense is kept within the estimate?"

"No person's that I know of."

"And is no one ever made accountable for such irresponsible squandering of the public money?"

"No one that ever I heard of."

"Can you state to the committee what the use is of the estimate you at first furnished?"

"I never rightly understood; but I believe the reason of my being required to make one is, that some amount, no matter what, is necessary to be stated previous to getting a grant from the chamber of

\* The Palace that N—h built. By J. Hume.



palaverment; so, when a new building is to be erected, I either guess at the probable amount, or if I wish to be particularly accurate, I inquire the height and length the building is to be and multiply the one into the other, reckoning every foot at 5000 pink shells; thus a building 50 feet high and 200 feet long would be estimated at 50,000 shells; but this I never do but in extraordinary cases, as it is a trouble I receive no remuneration for beyond the 500 per annum, which is the fixed salary of the crown architects.

"You have stated that the architects employed on public works have a certain per centage on the amount of all work done?"

"Exactly."

"Then it appears that, as they are not accountable for excess of expenditure over their estimates, it is their interest to exceed them on all occasions as much as possible?"

"Exactly."

"Can you explain to the committee the meaning of the word 'responsibility,' for which, as you say, you have received a large increase of pay?"

"Not exactly."

"From all that you have said the committee are to understand that the principles upon which public buildings are erected are as follows:—

"1st. That previous to its erection, the nation shall have no idea of what any building is to cost.

"2nd. That the architect shall be allowed to indulge himself in any fanciful freaks he may choose by way of experiment, at any expense.

"3rdly. That by his mode of payment, it shall be made his direct interest to squander the public money to the utmost of his power.

"4thly. That only one architect shall be allowed to give a design for any building; as competition, however beneficial to the public, would be very troublesome to those who are the judges.

"5thly. That as the last regulation will generally ensure a bad design; so that design shall be altered at will by the heads of any office for which the building may be intended, though they may be, and generally are, men who, with reference to the subject, are in the very worst state of ignorance; namely, that in which, being perfectly uninformed, they yet fancy themselves masters of the subject before them.

"6thly. That all persons in any way connected therewith shall be wholly irresponsible for their doings.

"Exactly. That is the substance of my evidence."

"Are the committee right in taking these as the recognised principles upon which public works are conducted?"

"Perfectly right as to the term 'principles,' by which they are designated; that being a term unknown in our professional vocabulary. We talk of established rules, regulations, &c., but never of principles. With us, as is the case, I believe, in all other official departments, public principles mean technically principles to be talked of in public, and nothing further."

"And are these principles, rules, or regulations, adhered to on all occasions?"

"I am glad that question has been asked, as it affords me an opportunity of giving my unqualified testimony to the zeal which the heads of my department have at all times shown in keeping up not only to the letter but to the spirit of their rules. As for myself, I hope the committee will do me the justice to allow, that in such parts of my public conduct as have come under their cognizance, I have imitated with scrupulous accuracy the example of my employers."

Mr. Hackandhash here made his bow to the committee, and Popanilla shortly followed his example, astonished more than ever at the afterthought and caution which characterize the people of Vraibleusia.

\* Locke.

## REVIEW OF FOREIGN LITERATURE,

NO. III.

### PERIODICAL PRESS OF FRANCE.

MUCH grave censure has been spent upon the sins of Periodical Literature in general, and those especially by which it is most beset in this country. These have partly been imputed to the spirit of commerce, which, presiding at the establishment of works of this kind, is said to set or vary their tone, temper, and opinions, with reference exclusively to the state of the market; and partly to the spirit of faction, which is equally asserted to distort their judgment upon points with which politics have no legitimate connection. Other reasoners have gone deeper, or at least farther, in the question; and, disdaining to fix their charges upon any merely local or temporary vices of their object, have confined their view to those which they assert to be inseparable from the very form and style of periodical works.

As the present observations on our own periodicals are only made in order to comparison, and in some points of contrast with those of our neighbours, it is unnecessary in this place to pursue them any farther, than by saying that other causes exist, from which their characteristic blemishes may be accounted for, as well as from the principles of trade or party, without involving any peremptory and sweeping decision on the abstract good or evil of this popular branch of literature—a decision for which it may be very fairly doubted whether the world has yet afforded adequate data. Elements of weakness and of worthlessness, in this, as in other departments of intellectual production, lie deep in the frame of mind and of society amongst us. We are rotten, (to use a vulgar but expressive phrase,) ere ripe; dogmatical in our creeds, without instruction in theology; practical in our politics, with huge contempt of general principles; narrow and fastidious in our literary tastes, without an idea of sound and universal criticism. We are hag-ridden by rank and authority; dependant for our daily opinions on the lightest breath that reaches us from fashionable circles; holding all our literary, as well as all our other notions, at the will of those classes who have seldom shown any feelings but those of aversion and contempt for literature, excepting when it ceases to deserve the name by sinking to the ministry of their prejudices and their pleasures; who, whether overwhelming its professors with the scornful civilities of their circles while popular, or with the rancorous persecution of their journals when unfortunate, have poured upon their heads a full measure of malevolence to which nothing can be found corresponding or correlative, except the mean spirit with which it is endured; and for the defeat and disappointment of which nothing is required but the union of men of letters in one common cause against the sentence of their common degradation.

In France, these things, as yet, are managed differently. There the press has shaken off, with too much recentness and vigour, the direct control and censorship of government, to be cowed by its disfavour, or deceived by its artifices. The ruling powers have not yet had time for the creation of those masses of venality and dependance, which are employed in this country with such signal success, to influence or simulate the public voice. Above all, that odious tyranny of fashion is, comparatively speaking, unknown, which cramps the exertions and degrades the persons of our literary artists at home. There an author does not incur the ban of reading-rooms and sofa-tables for such undefined offences as *heresy* or *bad taste*; any more than he is liable to be cut by his acquaintances for plain clothes or lodging in a garret. Literature in France is what it ought to be, a profession of which, if the emoluments are scanty, the respectability and usefulness are held to place its followers above the possibility of contempt. Consequently, the press of France has of late years teemed with publications in all the higher departments of literature, to which, in talent and in learning, very few—in explicitness of language and independence of sentiments, still fewer works will bear

the least comparison in this country, where the legal liberty of the press is clogged and cumbered with the base fears, baser hopes, and basest enmities of its conductors; and co-exists with a degree of intellectual slavery, perhaps almost as complete as can be found in any part of civilized Europe.

We had intended to enter somewhat into detail on the merits of the several classes of French periodicals, beginning with the *petits journaux* and *journaux d'affiches*, so unlike any thing that flourishes on this side the water, and going on to works of more imposing pretensions, scientific and literary. But on turning over a late volume of the Monthly Review, we find ourselves anticipated in this undertaking; we are, therefore, perforce, restricted to a narrower range. There is one journal, however, *Le Globe*, which though already well known in England, we cannot leave entirely without notice; as it does not appear as yet to have come into the hands of some who write about the literature of France, and who appear to have imbibed whatever idea they have of it from the commonest authors of the eighteenth century, as they have formed their notions of French morality from the court of Louis XV. The political revolutions of our neighbours have been accompanied by literary revolutions as complete. Chateaubriand first invoked the *génie du Christianisme* with a frigid affectation which spoke strongly of its absence; while poetry, in the lachrymose effusions of Delamartine and others, reappeared in mourning weeds of an entirely new fashion; and philosophy à l'Allemande formed a strange enough coiffure to the completely Parisian intellectual habits of Madame de Stael. But a youthful race of authors has succeeded, who without returning to the obsolete worship of the *philosophes* who adorned the last century, are wise enough to laugh at the fanaticism which rails against their writings as a tissue of blasphemies; and who are just enough initiated in Plato and Kant, to present in a poetical or novel dress those truths which are unattractive in their every-day apparel. Such are the conductors of the *Globe*. In literature as in politics, their profound and general views are well supported by a clear and searching insight into real life and character around them; and, in spite of those triumphant sneers at the *publicistes* of France with which we Britons sometimes wind up our encomiums on our own practised acumen in interpreting the signs of the times and the nature of passing events, we have often been surprised to find in the *Globe* a juster estimate of our own characters and manners and politics than has been given us by our critics and our senators to boot.

If the *Globe* maintains a higher rank in literature than its modest form would seem to contend for, it must be acknowledged that the *Revue Trimestrielle* does not entirely support that dignity and consistency of tone which characterize some of our more weighty periodicals, of which it imitates the exterior shape and pretensions. This review, of which the second number now lies before us, considerably differs in the plan of its contents from the *Revue Encyclopédique*, which we have been accustomed to consider as a sort of representative or epitome of the whole *journalistique* of our neighbours. The greater part of the number is composed of general essays and criticisms political and literary, in a similar form to those which fill the bulk of our reviews, with this difference in their substance, that the *Revue Trimestrielle* criticises its authors more minutely, and even in its original observations, exhibits more of detail than of generalization—both symptoms of an earlier stage of review-writing than ours. A more conspicuous departure from the English model, is the insertion of a *Deuxième Partie*, not, as in some of our reviews, containing short critiques of works of minor importance, but consisting of original articles in the shape of essay, narrative, or epistle, *fragmens des mémoires inédits d'un ex-ministre*, or *Lettres sur les Etats Unis*.

We translate the following passage from a very amusing article on the *Personnel des Revues et des Journaux Anglais*, which, with such occasional inaccuracies as must be expected from a foreigner on such a subject, presents correct and spirited sketches



of our popular journals, and of some of their reputed conductors.

"The Morning Chronicle was long the organ of the Whigs, and the grand receptacle not only of the opinions, but the wit of the party. A bon mot, a smart epigram, a brilliant repartee, read or uttered at Brookes's or Lord Holland's, seldom failed to appear in next day's Morning Chronicle. For many years the editor and proprietor of the Chronicle was the late Mr. Perry, who, in his person as in his manners, had quite the air of a *petit maitre*, and who, though altogether self-educated, and that in a manner middling enough, had the happy gift of thinking himself a *savant* and a statesman of the highest order. Mr. Perry supported constantly in his journal an air of good taste, of good society, and great political perseverance. On the death of Mr. Perry it was bought by an unlettered tradesman, whose name appears in quality of printer, at a corner of the paper, which soon changed its physiognomy, but not for the better. The editor *en chef* is Doctor Black, a man of great talent, vast acquirement, and independent principle; but a regular Scotch philosopher, whose intellect is engrossed by the single subject of political economy. It must be owned he treats this subject in a very superior manner, and amidst the wide views and deep study which his articles display, one finds a thorough knowledge of the domestic, political, and statistic annals of Great Britain. The Morning Chronicle is not only the journal of the political economists, but also of the philosophical reformers. The abuses which have glided into the church, the rapacious and oppressive acts by which the ruling clergy have now and then made themselves remarkable, the crumbling barbarism of the old English system of jurisprudence, the ridiculous alarm of innovation, the false wisdom which affects to prefer experience and authority to theories which have incurred the epithet visionary, and that other ruling power which makes itself felt at every step, at every movement in England, the power of *CANT*, are all attacked with frequency, with talent, and conscientiousness in the columns of the Chronicle, but *non erat his locus*. A London daily paper is not the place where one expects to find profound and elaborate researches upon topics of this description, or at least they should be touched with a lighter hand, and in a more popular style.

"Doctor Black is perfectly familiar with the German prose writers; as for the poets of all countries, he appears, like Plato, but with more sincerity than he, to hold them in high contempt. Like the Germans too, he overloads his readers and himself with a fatiguing erudition, and a laborious mass of details. The Morning Chronicle is no longer the Whig organ, nor any body's organ, but the organ of Dr. Black, who is endowed with too much honesty and independence to make himself the tool of any party. A philosophical reformer, more familiar with books than manners, and almost a stranger to society, Dr. Black cares mighty little for the political squabbles of the day. Accordingly with the great mass of readers this newspaper is often unpopular, uninteresting, insipid. What has become of those party-squibs so piquant and animated, that intimate acquaintance with every thing that was passing in the world of politics, and above all in the circle of the opposition, that amusing and lively chit-chat of fashion? One seeks them, and regrets them in vain. But the mischief does not stop here. Dr. Black appears to abandon all but the leading articles, *les premiers parts*, to be filled up with the grossest and most vulgar materials, with details horribly minute of crimes, brutalities of boxers, combats of dogs, apes, cocks, and rats, garbage pleasing to no taste but to that of the lowest populace; and often the disgust of the recital is enhanced by wood-cuts altogether worthy of the subject. But this is not all yet. The Morning Chronicle is crammed more full than any other paper with impudent puffs supplied by quacks of every description, booksellers, dentists, managers of theatres, &c. There is, however, a branch of first-rate importance, in which the Chronicle keeps

the whole of its original reputation, namely its reports of the debates in parliament. In this it even rivals the Times; both unite a marvellous combination of talent in reporting and celerity in printing.

The Morning Herald is a journal of which it is really impossible to fix with any definiteness the colouring and the aspect. It is, like the Times, a mere speculation, but carried on with far less intelligence. Independent, like the Times, of all parties and authority; like the Times, it only courts the public patronage; but it addresses itself wholly to the vulgar feelings and narrow views of the inferior classes in society. There is moreover this distinction between the Times and Morning Herald, that the former has a system and opinion of its own, while the Morning Herald has nothing like opinion or system, and keeps its columns open indifferently to Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Orangemen, and Catholics, with the perfect impartiality of a speculator. Its distinctive character is that of being frankly and openly illiterate. It seems to regard education as a waste of time and money, and reading as a bad habit which spoils the natural dispositions, and induces incapacity for the affairs of this world. Thus one finds in the Morning Herald a mixture truly miraculous of ignorance, sagacity, and natural penetration on every point of politics, literature, and the fine arts. It equals the Morning Chronicle in its regular assortment of robberies, murders, rapes, and boxing matches, and describes with more minuteness, fidelity, and spirit, the modes of speech and character of the pick-pockets and prostitutes brought up before the tribunals of police. Close beside these scenes of horror or buffoonery figure dinners, routs, balls, and *on dits* of the court and the fashionable circles. The Morning Herald has a number of subscribers much greater than the Chronicle, but less than the Times. It is the safest and the best established property. It binds itself to no principle and to no system, and laughs at every accusation however flagrant and well founded of ignorance, absurdity, or contradiction. The multitude resorts to it for nourishment appropriate to its palate and stomach, and the more refined classes enjoy it like a lounge in the *Jardin des Plantes*, to see the lioness dine, or the giraffe leap."

One more extract on a subject of more seriousness, and which it is lamentable should at this day furnish food for foreign wonderment:—

"There is, I know not how, in London, a disposition to depreciate the talent and profession of a parliamentary reporter. Perhaps it springs from two causes, of which the first is a secret dread of their ability and power; and the second is the mortified vanity of certain silly orators, whose harangues they regard as unworthy to be offered to the public. Very different from our French deputies, the popular English orators, whose speeches are most carefully and fully reported, affect unconsciousness of the presence of the short-hand writers, as well as utter carelessness whether or not their words may be presented to the eye of the public. A celebrated opposition speaker would have us believe that he is perfectly indifferent whether his speeches appear in the newspapers or no; but this is merely a ridiculous affectation. The mortified fool who, at his breakfast next morning, finds reduced to six lines the whole discourse which, the night before, has taken him two good hours to deliver, is more excusable in crying down the newspapers than the popular orator, whose reputation and influence are not less due to them than to his own talents, and who without them were as unknown to fame as the heroes who preceded Agamemnon. The House of Commons, taken as a body, insults truth and common sense more ostentatiously still. According to a musty regulation, it is an attack upon the privileges of the house to give publicity to its debates, and in order to preserve inviolate this rule, and the dignity of the house, the reporters are not acknowledged to be present, they are treated with an air of connivance, and they are forced to discharge a difficult and important function under every disadvantage possible, deprived of every sort of accommodation, and jostled in the crowd which fills the space as-

signed to the public. There is something truly pitiable in the quackery and prudishness of honourable house in this respect. If a stranger or reporter is observed taking notes in the first row of the public gallery, there is an officer steps in to preserve order in the gallery. Is not this absurd hypocrisy unworthy of men in their senses? It is, however, quite in keeping with that sort of Charlatanism so general in England, and which is known by the name of *cant*. There is *cant* of religion, *cant* of morality, *cant* of liberty, and *cant* of parliamentary privilege. Another reason finally may be given for this obstinacy of the Chamber in not acknowledging the presence of reporters, and refusing them the slightest accommodation, and this reason turns into a pure pretext the *cant* of parliamentary privilege. This is the secret leaven of hostility in the privileged orders against the power and the liberty of the press."

#### LETTERS FROM THE NETHERLANDS.—No. II.

##### BRUXELLES.

I dined a few days ago with some lawyers of considerable eminence in the kingdom of the Netherlands. I expected to derive much information from their society; but for some time the conversation was confined to Belgian politics, and the weather was so oppressively hot that I could not summon energy enough to converse in a foreign language on subjects I was so little acquainted with. At length my neighbour on the right began to inveigh against the noblesse, I listened with increased attention; but from the vague and common-place nature of the objections which he brought against the Belgian aristocracy, I could not discover that it produced any very determinate ill effects upon the happiness or prosperity of the community. My neighbour then addressed himself to me, and began by observing, by way of preface, that England was a fine country, "but as for your nobility," said he, "this is a subject that I have studied, and after examining the constitutions of every other country in Europe, I am convinced that there is none in which the oppressive rights of feudalism are at this moment so rigidly maintained."

I thought he alluded to the game laws, and I acknowledged them to be relics of barbarism; when I found this was not what he meant, I thought he might possibly have confounded the nobility with the "landed interest," and that he might be thinking of the monopoly of corn with which the latter are so anxious to enrich themselves at the expense of the country at large. I allowed that this monopoly was unjust, impolitic, and cruel; and I was endeavouring to explain to him that the supporters of this system were the landed aristocracy, which comprised not only the nobility, but likewise all commoners possessed of large estates, when he interrupted me with exclaiming, "worse and worse." "What?" said he, "a bourgeois then can purchase an estate and exercise all the *droits seigneuriaux*?"

I assured him that if he merely meant the feudal rights, these did not now exist in England.

He replied, "he could assure me that they did: in every other country in Europe they had disappeared; in Prussia they had been entirely abolished, in Bavaria they had been made redeemable at the will of the tenant, but in England they still continued in all their force. For instance," he added, "the English peasantry still groans under the *corvée*, and the tenants are at this day compelled to work for a certain portion of the year on the estates of the nobles."

I looked incredulous, but as I found that my companion did not like to have his statements controverted, I held my peace.

He continued. "Sir, the *corvée* still exists in your country, and if the peasantry do not actually work, they are forced to pay for the exemption, and there is a *tarif* published every year of the sums they are to give in lieu of their labour."

Softening my dissent, in deference to the exactness of my companion's information, I merely observed, that I was not aware of the existence of any such custom.



"Possibly not," he exclaimed, with an air of gratified superiority, and went on to say that he had not been in England himself; but he was going there next year, and he had read Blackstone and Hallam's Constitutional History, and l'Histoire d'Angleterre de Monsr.—Monsr.—Monsr. (I never could find out who,) and he then proceeded to prove to the satisfaction of the whole party that it stood to reason that the case was as he had stated it.

"In a country," says he, "where the right of property is held so inviolable, that if a house is situated in the middle of one of the royal parks, the king cannot appropriate it to himself, without the consent of the owner, is it conceivable that the nobles should have let their right slip through their fingers? And, sir, I assert that there has been no law made to abolish them. Who is the man that has abolished them? I defy you to name him; and if they have not been abolished, they continue to exist."

I observed that his argument was not conclusive; villenage, for instance, was not abolished by any express law, but died away so gradually that no one had been able to ascertain precisely the time of its extinction.

"Pardon me, sir, I can tell you exactly," said my enlightened jurisconsult. I was all attention. "I do not remember the date at this moment," he added, "but I will tell it you to-morrow at dinner-time."

I said I should be much obliged to him for any information on the subject; and as to the feudal rights, I observed that they were abolished by a law made at the beginning of the reign of Charles II. after the troubles of what was called the grand rebellion.

One of the party, more open to conviction, after making a long comparison between my accounts and what had happened subsequently to the restoration of the Bourbons in France, concluded that it was possible it might be as I had said.

My more sturdy antagonist, pushing back his chair from the table and folding up his napkin, said, "it is possible? yes, every thing is possible; but—" he then began to appeal again to his authorities.

"I think, sir," said I, "if you look at Blackstone, you will not find that the feudal rights still exist."

"Very likely, sir," replied he; "there are many things in existence that are not to be found in Blackstone; his work is very imperfect. Besides, sir, I consider him a very superficial writer."

"But, sir, if you will have the goodness to refer in your History of England, to the beginning of the reign of Charles II."

"Sir," said he, taking up his hat and beginning to move, "my time is too much engaged at present; I am obliged to be at the Palais de Justice to attend all civil proceedings; that is to say, all civil proceedings of any consequence; but I will examine the matter the next time I am at leisure; some Sunday perhaps." So saying, he did me the honour to wish me a good day, and walked off; somewhat annoyed perhaps at being pushed for his authorities, but on the whole highly gratified at the opportunity he had had of displaying before his neighbours, his profound knowledge of English law.

#### LIONEL: A TALE.

##### PART II.

JANE MORLEY, for thus simple and unheroic was the name of the maiden, was but a few months younger than Lionel. Her eyes were of that deepest azure blended with gray, which is of all hues the fittest to express every variety and energy of feeling; and they soon learned to look with softness on Lionel Brandon. His conversation had much of that earnestness and enthusiasm which are of all qualities the best adapted to delight women. Their hearts require a strength of sentiment which the ordinary circumstances of their lives can seldom present to them, and every pulse is ready to tremble or burn, or thrill harmonious music, at the bidding of an eloquent and impassioned voice. But besides this fascination, Lionel had youth, beauty, that bold pre-

sence for which he had ever been conspicuous, and that variety in his experience of countries and adventures which his birth, education, and residence in England were peculiarly proper to supply. Dr. Morley was a gentle, learned, but unobservant scholar. He attended with zeal and steadiness to the studies of his pupil, who amply satisfied his wishes; but in other respects so long as evil did not thrust itself upon him, he was not likely to seek it out. Nor was there aught of evil to be discovered in the commerce of Jane and Lionel. When they rose in the morning, they met each other on the bright sea shore. When they broke away at noon from their indoor employments, they talked in the arbour of honeysuckle, or beneath the aged apple-trees of a little orchard. When at sunset they had done with occupation, they wandered together through the harvest-fields, or slowly paced the green and silent lanes of the neighbourhood, while the birds wheeled round them to their nests amid the last splendour of the evening. Lionel taught her Italian, and rejoiced to hear her playful and broken attempts at reproving in that soft tongue the admiration which he sometimes ventured to express for her. And thus it was that the impetuous spirit of a youth who but a few days before had seemed to grasp at the world, and lord it over mankind, was humbled into the footsteps of a simple girl. Gradually his former projects died out of his mind; but he never quietly and deliberately contemplated the entering into the profession which Lady Bodmin had marked out for him. He was contented for the present in merely loving and being loved, and the necessity of a certain degree of study to fulfil the wishes of the Doctor, was not at first a hard one, and soon became habitual. But all his stronger feelings and the little he cherished of sober and consistent thought, referred solely to the beautiful and gentle maiden with whom he daily associated. And though they seldom spoke of love, the heart of Lionel soon rose into the consciousness that Jane returned his passion. The indifference or lassitude which might have sometimes come over her in his absence was changed to vivacity and pleasure when he joined her; and he never was compelled to leave her side without her attempting to detain him by earnest entreaty or playful devices. Theirs were two young and loving hearts, absorbed in their affection for each other, and in the enjoyment of that external nature, of which every exquisite detail and magnificent change associated itself with this passion. She daily grew more lovely and womanly; and the youth, in the absence of objects to excite his temper, appeared gradually to have tamed down its exorbitance.

But after several months had thus passed on, the time came for his departure to Cambridge. They wandered on the last evening of his stay at Matton, to a wide heath in the neighbourhood. In leaving the garden, the lady plucked a rose and gave it to Lionel, and he long preserved the token. They walked for a considerable time over the slight swells, and among the grey rocks of this uncultivated champion, each of them endeavouring to moderate into temperance the strong thoughts that would perpetually rebel. The plants, the clouds, the distant cottages, every thing around them alternately supplied a subject of what each wished to be ordinary conversation; but human affections are things too mighty to be thus baffled; and there was a restrained intensity and solemnity in all, even the lightest words they uttered. And these were mixed with long glances at each other's faces, but glances which feared to meet, and looks again averted, from shame for the very omnipotence of the passion which agitated both their bosoms. They spoke not of the past, for time and eternity were compressed for them into that one brief morrow, which was to divide them from each other. And neither did they speak of their parting any more than the criminal converses about his coming execution. Neither of them knew what to say; and their hearts were too turbulent for either of them to be silent; and thus sped on the hour, till in the twilight they returned to the sea-shore. They walked close to the main, and the deep sound and whelming succession of its billows supplied a bet-

ter language to their thoughts than any their overburdened tongues could frame. Jane looked timidly on the ocean, for Lionel was to make part of his journey by water; and while her eyes measured the unbounded and dark expanse of rolling waves, and to her excited fancy they seemed every moment increasing in size and force, she pressed more closely to Lionel, as if to assure herself of his present safety. He smiled at her fears with a melancholy ridicule, which gave comfort to neither of them, for they were certain of a fate to them more terrible than death. At last it was complete and shadowy night, the stars were all glittering above, the earth was silent around, the sea sounded more loudly and awfully. They knew that they must return; and walked slowly to the little gate of the garden. But before they reached it, they stood still under the shade of the hedge, to seize the last moments of unrestrained communication, which, for a long period, they could hope to enjoy. It was a mournful and over-powering enjoyment; she looked into his eyes, and half fell upon his breast, while she exclaimed, "O! Lionel! shall we meet again?" He pressed her to his heart, and kissed her repeatedly, and the lips lately so cold and fixed, were now burning and tremulous. The tears of the young pair fell fast, and mingled upon their cheeks, while, for a few brief and delicious moments they stood clasped in each other's arms. It was well for both that they heard the voice of Dr. Morley calling them in the garden. The maiden blushed deep at the first sound, which brought back to her remembrance that there was any one on earth beside Lionel; and while she turned to seek her father, she hastily drew her disordered mantle over her bosom, and dashed away the raining tears. When they bid each other farewell, the paleness of their cheeks, and the trembling pressure of their hands alone indicated that the youth and maiden loved with so wild and deep a passion.

They did not see each other when Lionel departed in the morning; but as he traversed the garden to the boat that waited for him, he thought he heard a faint gush of sorrow coming from the casement at which he had first beheld the lovely vision of his mistress. He hurried on with desperate rapidity, and was soon far from the rectory of Matton. He reached in safety the point at which he was to disembark, took horse, and arrived at the university. He there spent his time partly in study, but much in society; and speedily became intimate with several young men of high family. He was liberally enough supplied with money by Lady Bodmin; and his talents and accomplishments were ample, as additional passports to the circle, the most distinguished by birth and fashion. At the same time, in the few and short communications which he received from his guardian, there were positive and repeated assurances that he must hope for no provision through life, but that which he could obtain for himself in the church. He had no mistrust of his own powers to succeed in whatever he should attempt; but he was satisfied for the present to draw his income from the hands of Lady Bodmin, and to spend it among his Cambridge friends, while he put off the consideration of his future profession till time should force it upon him. In the mean time his affection for Jane continued unabated. There was no female society at Cambridge to distract his attachment; and amid the gay and somewhat riotous companions who surround him, all his better and more tranquil thoughts naturally reverted to the rectory at Matton, and the innocent maiden who illuminated and hallowed it. He had not been many weeks at Cambridge, when he wrote the letter of which the following sentences are a portion:—

"No, my beloved friend, the circumstances and persons that encircle me, can in nothing weaken my remembrance of Matton, and of her who is its flower and glory. I see much of folly and vileness, and live amid gay or grave frivolities; but they are earth-born mists that rise not to the region where lives that other religion of my heart whereof you are the divinity. These stately buildings and fair groves that I now look upon, what are they to me but solemn pageants, when I think of the garden and the shore

where  
being  
unsu  
which  
breas  
beaut  
know  
you  
dulle  
is son  
than  
comp  
ful, a  
ward  
to yo  
me h  
I cou  
muni  
never  
deare  
and t  
ness  
or h  
statio  
you  
my h  
thine  
give  
O! i  
me to  
valro  
less  
sake  
oh, b  
me,  
I hav  
home  
Su  
Lion  
dimin  
of aff  
new  
as e  
than  
been  
was a  
opin  
were  
gene  
large  
were  
impr  
veral  
again  
with  
getic  
cour  
Two  
the y  
arran  
the l  
Lion  
the  
stant  
that  
wrot  
patia  
and  
a re  
have  
he d  
Mat  
Ac  
ness  
with  
whic  
but t  
the n  
but v  
virtu  
so th  
rows  
throu  
light  
had



where I have so often wandered with you; and the beings with whom I daily mix, seem shadows as unsubstantial, compared with that image of yourself, which is an existence, a life, a splendour in my breast. When I think of you and your gentle beauty, (and when do I not think of it but when I know myself too weak and vicious to be worthy of you,) though there be nothing round me but ribaldry, dullness, pedantry, and intolerance, I feel that there is something nobler and more sublime upon the earth than the miserable cares, hopes, and passions of my companions. I become for a time aspiring, thoughtful, and progressive; and every forward step I take towards wisdom and excellence seems to bring me nearer to you. But, alas! all that I behold and hear reminds me how far I am cast from the one spot where alone I could be happy; where only I should have in communion with your own sweet spirit a security for never relapsing into folly and madness. But, dearest Jane, when can I hope to meet you again? and to see in those benignant eyes a look of forgiveness for all the senselessness I am daily guilty of? or how can a poor outcast like myself arrive at a station even many degrees lower than that in which you deserve to be placed? I who can only cover my head with sackcloth and ashes for my own unworthiness, yet hold in your affection a pearl which would give splendour to the diadem of kings and kaisers. O! if toil, and endurance, and self-denial can enable me to set it in a modest wreath of learned ivy or chivalrous laurel, doubt not that, impatient and worthless as I am, I will do and suffer all for your dear sake. My hope! my light! my garland of honour! oh, beloved Jane, if your heart were withdrawn from me, what should I see on earth but a crowd in which I have no friend, and a world in which there is no home for me?"

Such were for some time the letters written by Lionel Brandon. After a considerable period, they diminished in frequency though not in earnestness of affection. He had become eager and busy with new designs, and though his attachment was as deep as ever he thought much of other matters, and less than before of his mistress. England had latterly been shaken with civil war; and the royalist party was already defeated. But it was still strong in the opinions and interests of many, and among these were most of the friends of Lionel. They were in general young noblemen and country gentlemen of large fortune, all whose feelings and convictions were royalist, and they communicated their own impressions to the mind of Lionel. There were several of them at this time engaged in a conspiracy against the existing government, and into this he was without difficulty drawn. His ambitious and energetic temper made him a ready conspirator, and his courage and talents rendered him a valuable one. Two years of his college life had passed away, when the young Lord Bolton proposed to go abroad to arrange the designs of the party with the court and the leaders on the Continent. He offered to carry Lionel in his company, and to make him known to the foremost among the royalists. The youth instantly accepted the proposition, and it was arranged that in a month they should leave England. He wrote to Jane to inform her of his intention, and expatiated upon the brilliant hopes of wealth, fame, and rank, which were justified by the probability of a restoration, and a restoration in which he would have no inconsiderable share. He added that before he departed for the Continent, he would travel to Matton, and enjoy an interview with her.

Accordingly he went, and was received with kindness by the doctor. But oh! it was not kindness with which Jane met him. It was not the feeling which benevolence extends to the whole creation, but that exalted passion, that fond familiar adoration, the means no doubt which tempted Adam to his fall, but which would have power to beguile a villain into virtue and heaven. They had parted with tears, and so they met. And what are all the pains and sorrows which could be accumulated on our nature through a whole weary life, if compared to the delight of that long and close embrace. The years that had intervened were all effaced; and again their

hearts were mingled together in one thrilling absorbing happiness. But this lasted not for more than a few days. Before a week, Lionel was compelled to bid farewell to his betrothed. They separated in hope and almost in triumph, for the confidence of the youth's expectations had readily communicated itself to the sympathising and trusting maiden. She received a letter from her lover, written in London, and another from the coast of France. But, alas! the epistles became few and cold; and at the end of six months—months of doubts and tremblings, and jealousies, and all-confiding love, and all-crushing despair,—when the sea rolled drear and hollow on the shore, and the winds blew gustily and storm-laden through the leafless woods and over the bare hills, when the air was frost and the earth ice—a letter came cold and desolate, dead and destroying as the season, and told the miserable girl that the circumstances of both parties persuaded him it would be for their mutual advantage no longer to consider themselves as in any way bound to each other, and he therefore desired to restore to her, so far as he was concerned, that perfect liberty which he was convinced would ultimately tend the most completely to secure her happiness; in which, if she would permit him to say so, he should always take a sincere interest. Such was the missive carefully penned, and signed with the well-known name LIONEL BRANDON.

The writer of this memorable epistle had left Matton with feelings of the most high-wrought and enthusiastic love for Jane Morley. He was introduced at Paris and in some other cities of the Continent to the highest English and foreign society then to be met with. His person, his talents, his accomplishment, his courage, and the marked favour of those whose favour is at courts of more value than aught else that can be named, gained him speedy distinction and admiration. A proud and brilliant beauty, the Countess Mowbray, a friend and attendant of Henrietta Maria, young, rich, and witty, and of a dazzling and overpowering presence, deigned to beguile the youth to her feet. She was not many years older than himself, and had become a widow almost as soon as a wife. It is not wonderful that a mind so ambitious as his, so domitable by pleasure, and so sensitive to loveliness, should have been overcome and enthralled by so fascinating a woman as Lady Mowbray. And in truth he soon was as completely given up to his passion as the most enamoured mistress could desire. He thought with occasional shame and heart-burning of his humble and early affection; and when he received the trusting and fond remonstrances of Jane against his protracted neglect, for a moment he was inclined to give up all that enchanted and delighted him at Paris, and to throw himself on his knees before the betrayed girl in the tranquil garden of Matton. But he had not strength. And when one of Jane's fond letters had by accident fallen into the hands of Lady Mowbray, the scorn and indignation with which she at first encountered Lionel, and the after change into softness and wailing, decided the doom of the unhappy maiden, and the fatal letter was written.

A month had scarcely elapsed, when it was necessary for him, as sworn to the royalist conspiracy, to depart for London. On his journey, so soon as he had got through the barriers, and felt himself entirely beyond the influence of Lady Mowbray, his mind began to fluctuate between his earlier and his later recollections. The images of the village maid, and of the countess; of the woodland nymph, his earliest love, and the imperious Juno, for whom he had deserted her, struggled for the pre-eminence. It was no longer the present against the absent mistress, but the recollections of voluptuous charms against the innocence, the beauty, the fidelity, which, like those charms, were now no more than a thought to him. His own faithlessness had doomed him, at all events, to the loss of Jane, and he endeavoured to thrust her from his mind. But in vain: and the remembrance of her, in all her sweetness and all her affection, returned to him perpetually, when his mind had no longer a niche for its reception. Har-

rassed and exhausted by the conflict, he reached the metropolis at night-fall. He immediately set out for the place of his destination, (a house near Temple Bar,) through various obscure streets of the city. He was passing hastily through one of these, a wretched and disgusting alley, and wrapped in his cloak, and with his cap pulled down over his brows, was moving rapidly through the gloom, when he heard, in faint and struggling tones, from a window high above him, the sound of complaint and lamentation, and as he thought an unsuccessful attempt to call for help. He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and rushed in at the door of the tenement, from which the noise proceeded. He ran up several flights of stairs, and at last, when close to the highest story, heard a rough, vulgar, and menacing voice, exclaim, "don't tell me of poverty and clergymen's daughters." Lionel shuddered. "Those who cannot pay cannot look to have money's worth. So if I have not my rent, out you must troop." "Oh! God!" answered another, and a female voice, "he will kill my young mistress." Lionel listened no longer, but broke into the room. A faint light upon a broken table showed him a middle-aged and poor looking woman, who stood wringing her hands, while she interposed between a dingy pallet-bed in one corner of the chamber, and a tall man, with a bloated face and squinting eyes, who seemed to have been the other party in the dialogue. He had his back to the door; and the moment Lionel entered the room, the poor woman cried, "What shall I do, here is another of them?" The young man stepped into the centre of the apartment, and encountered the gaze of the man, who looked astonished and angry at his entry. "And what the devil, sir, may be your business here, sir?"—"To protect that poor woman against your brutality," replied Lionel. "Brutality, quotha! I stand by the law, sir; I would have you to know, and I should like to see the law that lets you into other people's houses against their will." "I need not trouble myself to answer your questions. But if this good woman will let me know what she complains of, I shall be able to determine what I had best do." The woman then explained, with all the energy of fear and supplication, that the man was the owner of the miserable room in which they then were. She said that her mistress, a young lady, was in the bed to which she pointed, dying of a fever. They had only occupied the apartment for three or four days. They had paid for their lodging regularly every evening, till the present, and now they had no longer any money, and the landlord was going to turn them into the street. Lionel asked what was the sum demanded, took it from his purse, and flinging it to the ruffian, ordered him to leave the room. But he exclaimed, "No, my fine fellow, I won't touch your money. I should like to know what business you have to push yourself into other people's affairs. Every Englishman's house is his castle; and no one shall be here but those I choose; and they are neither you nor your women. So you had better be gone, before worse comes of it." Lionel flung open his cloak, drew one of his pistols from his belt, and ordered the fellow to leave the room, under peril of his life. "Oh, that is it, is it?" he replied; "well, I don't want to be shot this bout. I'll live to bear witness against you yet, for a breach of the peace,—aye, or perhaps for something worse, my lad; I should like to know what business any but traitors and papists have in going armed about the streets; and I'll find out, too, I can tell you." With these words he left the room, and flung the door after him with such violence, as to shake every plank in the frail and squalid chamber. Lionel put some money into the woman's hand, and prepared to follow him; but the poor woman implored not to leave them, as she was sure their persecutor would come back, the moment their protector should be gone. The young man agreed to wait for a few minutes, till the apothecary, who was expected, should arrive, and in the mean time, he stepped into a little closet off the room, and sat down in the dark, upon a rickety bench, the only furniture it contained. In this situation he could hear every thing that passed in the



bed-room; for the rude and ill-fitted door, and thin partition, interrupted nothing of the sounds that arose in the adjoining chamber.

At first there was nothing distinguishable but the heavy breathing and occasional groans of the patient. After a time, she with difficulty articulated, in a broken and faltering voice, "Mary, lift my head." The attendant obeyed. "What was the noise I thought I heard just now?" "O! madam, it was nothing at all of any consequence." The sufferer, after a pause, spoke quicker and more rapidly, and apparently in delirium. "Yes, yes, I am sure I heard his voice; but father—I cannot see him yet—I will go down, and we will walk in the garden." "O! don't speak in that way, my dear mistress. Cannot you remember! You're not in the north any longer. You came to London, you know, three weeks ago." "London—London—O, yes! my father had relations there; and we came to see them just after I received —" Her voice fell, and Lionel's agonizing ears could catch no more. She went on, after a few minutes, "Will my father soon be in again? I do so wish to know if he has brought me a letter from Paris." "O, dear! O, dear! you have no father; he's dead." The lady started up in her wretched bed, and shrieked "Dead! dead! my father dead!" She gave a long long sigh, and fell back, whispering, "Now I remember all." She groaned once or twice, and exclaimed, "Must I die without seeing you once more? O! Lionel! Lionel!" While she pronounced his name in piteous and heart-piercing accents, the door of the closet flew open, and the youth rushed to the bed. He put his arm round her neck, and raised her head; the eyes were closed, but she opened them slowly, as with a frenzied utterance, he repeated her name. The eyes were hot and glaring, but she knew his face. She shuddered for a moment, but she seemed to recover her reason while she looked at him again, and sobbed out, "Lionel, you were very cruel." He kissed her pale and burning lips, and she faintly ejaculated "God bless you!" That instant she lay a corpse in his arms. For many minutes, he appeared stunned and dead himself; but he still supported the dead body of her he had loved so well and so unhappily. He slowly roused himself; the tears fell thick upon the lifeless face of Jane Morley, and he began to contemplate the features. The fair and blooming skin was now white and shrivelled; the eyes inflamed and sunk; and the bright hair lay loose in all its shining length over her wasted arm and dingy couch.

Lionel Brandon was still contemplating the ruin he had wrought, when the attendant touched him, and, weeping, begged him to retire. He started at first, and looked bewildered, but speedily recollected himself, and asked her how her mistress had been driven into so wretched a habitation. The attendant's information was shortly as follows:—Dr. Morley had been thrust out of his living by the Presbyterians, and nearly a month before had come up to London to obtain restitution, or, if that were impracticable, to gain the assistance of some friends and relations. He had succeeded in neither attempt; and his forlorn situation, together with the misery of his daughter, ("for," said the servant, "she was always grieving about something, I think it was a letter,") had broken his heart, and he had died in a fortnight. Their small store of money had since then been daily decreasing, and they had sunk from one miserable lodging to another still humbler and cheaper, till they reached the penury in which Lionel found them.

He had scarcely obtained this account, when four men broke into the room, seized his weapons, and chained his hands, after which they searched his clothes, and took from him all the papers with which he had been intrusted by the royalists abroad. The owner of the room in which his mistress perished, had given information that he suspected him to be a traitor, from his carrying concealed weapons. He was tried and condemned to death. When on the way to the place of execution, the procession stopped for a moment, and a haggard and sun-burnt man having crept between the horses of the cavalry,

threw himself upon his neck, and exclaimed, "My son! my son!" It was Thomas Brandon, who had arrived but that day in England. He fainted in the arms of Lionel; but being supported by some of the crowd to the place of execution, was allowed to exchange a few words with the sufferer, even on the scaffold. Lionel was executed; and his father was never again heard of. But some unknown hand conveyed a sum of money to the female servant of Jane Morley, with directions that the remains of the unhappy girl should be conveyed to Matton, and a marble monument erected over her grave. Many years ago, the inscription was all obliterated except the name and date. Now one stone is not left upon another to commemorate the dust of one so lovely, so innocent, and so unhappy.

#### THE ALMS OF THE MONKS.

COMMUNICATED BY A SPANISH RESIDENT IN LONDON.

THE distribution of the daily dole at the door of a Spanish monastery to the herd of wanderers, mendicants, and, perchance, students of the university, is one of the most singular and characteristic spectacles in that extraordinary and interesting country. The mass of victuals is ready every day a little before noon. The crowd collected beneath the portico of the church wait with eager impatience for the diffusion of a little energy through their languishing stomachs. Suddenly the mysterious gates unclose, and the lay brother exhibits to the hungry eyes of the expectants a mighty caldron, teeming with life, and hope, and happiness. Reader, have you ever been out of London?—or, in other words, have you ever seen the sun? For even as it breaks upon the world, and pours around it warmth and rejoicing, and glows the centre of the system, attracting the planets to itself, and binding them within its sphere—even so the glorious caldron of the monastery wakes to gladness all who surround it, guides their movements, and fills them with exultation. The lay brother, weary and panting with the fatigue of bearing the enormous vessel, pauses to rest himself, pompously looks around, gathers up the sleeve of his right arm, seizes the great spoon, and mutters a short prayer, to which the students devoutly respond, "Amen." Thereupon he lifts the cover, and a turbulent satisfaction diffuses itself through the throng when they behold the volumes of thick steam, which bear aloft to Heaven the gratitude of the hungry. Their eyes endeavour to discover the details of the contents, but the smell soon spares them any further inquiry, and a low murmur, carefully restrained from reaching the ears of the man in office, runs through the crowd, to the effect of "Always the same!" While the black monster is still smoking, the lay brother distributes to each a lump of bread, proportioned to the size and age of the individual candidate. Every one then presents his can or pot, tied to a string, for his share of the ambrosial food—*olla podrida pero de verdugas y legumbres*—that is, *hodge-podge* of vegetables and bread, or, as it may perhaps be more appropriately called, *sopa podrida*. This miscellaneous production of culinary art requires, for the full development of its merits, and receives from those who can afford it, the addition of some scraps of meat, and of a glass or two of good wine. And such is the daily distribution at the gate of a Spanish monastery, which Morillo has represented with all the habitual depth and grandeur of his masterly pencil.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

M. LAURENT presented the public, on Monday evening, with the opera of *Tancredi*, cast more strongly than we ever recollect it. The new levies threw an effect into the subordinate characters which almost remodelled the whole. Of course the part of Amenaide, supported by Mlle. Sontag, is not included among these subordinates; but those sustained by Pellegrini and Curioni have hitherto been intrusted to much feebler performers. It would be impossible to extract from the varieties of judgment, heard on all sides, any consistent opinion of the me-

rits of Mlle. Sontag in this her last achievement; we must be content with our own, unassisted and unbiassed, and it is with no half praise we declare that the richness of her tone, the profusion and delicacy of her ornament, even the dramatic force of her expression, have not hitherto reached the level of her last performance. Perhaps animated by the juxtaposition of "the world's idol" Pasta; perhaps eager to recompense by her last effort the favours of an English audience; perhaps by fitness for the character, or accident alone, she stood so conspicuously forward in the picture of the night, that more than once in the presence of Tancredi our whole feelings were absorbed by the splendour of Amenaide. We know not that on any former occasion thus much could have been said; and we have regarded this fact as a sufficient test of the relative stage excellence of the two performers.

In the scenes from the German opera of *Die Sweitzer Familie of Weigl*, which followed, there was even much beauty in the acting of her lovesick part. Her interview with her father, her filial endearments, the wayward changes of expression from tears to laughter, from laughter back again to tears; these were managed with more art than even her warmest admirers had expected.

For Pasta, in Tancredi, what need be said? The *aria dei rizzi*, which was mercilessly encored, appeared to be sung rather slower than usual, but beyond this we could discover no variation of this well known and justly admired character. At the end of the German opera, Mlle. Sontag was led to the front of the stage, to receive the farewell plaudits of a very crowded theatre. M. Schutz placed upon her head one of the numerous laurel chaplets that were showered down from the seventh heaven, and the triumphant singer left that stage which she had so much adorned, and which will appear desolate till her return, amid the applauses of a thousand voices.

The French representations at the King's Theatre are closed; and Mademoiselle Mars has departed from London.

"Where is it fled, the visionary gleam?

Where is it gone, the glory and the dream?"

She took leave of England by acting in *La Gageure Imprévue*, *Chacun à son Côté* and *Valérie*. We congratulate ourselves and our readers that we were present on this occasion. It seemed to us that the extraordinary woman who was the deity of the evening played with even more than her ordinary spirit and power. There was a lightness and finish in her comedy, and a concentrated strength in her serious acting which probably never was excelled. That noble scene of the reconciliation in *Chacun à son Côté* was a triumph worthy of the loftiest genius that ever devoted itself to this, one of the most arduous, though the least permanently admired, of the fine arts. Valérie was as usual, in our opinion, an admirable and beautiful performance; and very undeserving of the censures which, in spite of his taste, discrimination, and talent, a friend has thrown upon it in a previous number of our journal. There was much in her representation of both these characters to draw forth quiet and salutary tears from the eyes of every man who is not ashamed of human sympathy. But there was much more of this mournful feeling in the moments which withdrew Mademoiselle Mars from the English stage, not, we trust, for the last time. We pray she will often revisit England, to teach the exclusive admirers of every thing which belongs to ourselves that there are noble passions and lofty genius, minds instinct with all tenderness and power, native to other regions than our own.

##### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

The *Historical Anecdote*, or some such name, borne by a composition called *The Noyades*, still blazes in the play-bills with its worthy satellite *The Bottle Imp*. As far as the orchestral strength of this theatre goes, it is so complete and punctual, as to carry off very tame music with very great success. The Italian Opera might also take a lesson from the chorusses as managed on this stage; and we must



be content if these two high merits are in some degree neutralised by the absence of singers of the first order. Certain it is, that a harmony between the components is the surest source of permanent gratification; and where all is equally good and well proportioned, though the strain be not extremely exalted, we are better satisfied than with the commingling of Ossa and a wart—Mad. Pasta, and the tag-rag of the King's Theatre. Some change may be expected to come over the spirit of the *Noyades* and the *Bottle Imp*, and we hear that the opera of *Così fan tutti* is in process of adaptation to the English stage. If the experiment be as successful as in the case of the *Freebooters*, we hope that the treasurer, as we are sure the public, will have no cause to complain.

The diligent manager of this theatre has also produced another new piece, in addition to the two with London walls have made the public familiar. It is called *Lies like Truth*, and is said to be written by Mr. Benson Hill. When we add that this gentleman was likewise one of the actors, our readers will feel tolerably sure that justice was done to at least one of the parts. We feared that Wrench's character would resemble that which he personates in the detestable farce of *Lying made Easy*; but the only similarity consisted in Flam and Rattle being equally accomplished professors of the science which is the sole means of unravelling the plots of all modern plays. Of course the Liar has, throughout, the sympathy of the audience, and is rewarded for his talents at the conclusion; otherwise the play would be greatly at variance with all the rules of modern theatrical morality. Of the ladies in the piece we need not speak. The plot was about as well managed as most plots which depend upon the supernatural assistance of the demon of falsehood—and the piece was decidedly successful.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

## KING LEAR.

A GENTLEMAN performing the part of Lear! The idea makes us shudder. A gentlemanly invocation of the storms—a gentlemanly curse upon the daughters—a gentlemanly embrace of Cordelia! But this horror is greater in imagination than reality. The theatrical manager has not committed any real atrocity in associating the two antipathetic words; for, thank Heaven, there is no stage Lear. The Lear—the Lear of our wonder and astonishment—has never been defiled by any connection with lamps and scene-shifting. There is an old gentleman, indeed, who impudently assumes the name, and mocks the air of the ancient king; but every one knows that he is an impostor; our dreams are not troubled with him, he belongs to Cibber and the Haymarket Theatre, and has nothing to do with Shakspeare or his readers. The gentleman acted Cibber's Lear with considerable ability and success. All our readers have learnt from the newspapers that he is an imitator of Kean; and when we have said that he is a good imitator, we have given him credit for a talent which many men of great genius do not possess. He did justice to Cibber, and did not murder what there is in the part of Shakspeare: for this, at least, we are grateful. Miss F. H. Kelly was Cordelia.

The *Two Friends* followed. We believe that we omitted to express an opinion of this pleasant melodrama last week. Without making up for this deficiency, by giving an analysis of a plot which has been made public through the usual sources of intelligence, we may just remark, that the acting of Farren was worthy of him; that Mrs. Humby was lively, and not very vulgar; and that Miss F. H. Kelly whined less than usual, and that Mr. Cooper was—what is the critical word—respectable.

\* In one sense indeed Lear is the most perfect gentleman, but not in the sense in which that word is generally used in theatrical bills.

TO THE  
READERS OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

THE second month of their New Series being now completed, the readers of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE have had an opportunity of judging whether the promises which were held out in the PROSPECTUS have been broken or fulfilled.

We promised to furnish the public with carefully written and impartial *Reviews*—with *Original Essays* on the great topics connected with General Literature—with *Notices of Passing Events*—with the *Narratives and Letters of Foreign Travellers*—with *Tales*—with accounts of the *Foreign Periodicals*, and with elaborate criticisms upon the *Fine Arts*.

That we have performed these engagements to the letter, a reference to our contents will prove; whether we have displayed as much knowledge upon these subjects as our contemporaries, or have treated them in as lively and correct a style, we must leave to the judgment of our readers.

Should they think that we have not been found wanting in these particulars, we can with more confidence claim their patronage of an arrangement which we have entered into for the purpose of giving the work still greater strength and efficiency.

In the principles upon which the New Series of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE has been conducted in its general plan, and even in many of its minor peculiarities, it has very closely resembled THE ATHENÆUM. On the other hand in those features which take their character not from the feelings and opinions of the writers, but from their different talents, tastes, and education, these works have exhibited very conspicuous varieties.

This being the case, the conductors of these two papers have come to an agreement, the effect of which will be to unite the forces that have been hitherto employed separately, (though, generally speaking, in prosecution of the same objects,) in the production of one Weekly Literary Journal.

This Journal will be published under the name of THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE, at the Office, 147, in the Strand, every Wednesday Morning.

That the coalition, thus established, is a *bona fide* one, the readers, should they become purchasers of the united Journal, will soon have an opportunity of ascertaining, as there is not a contributor to the old work whom they will not recognise as a contributor to the new one; while to this body they will see added all the writers who have given popularity to THE ATHENÆUM. Their occasional Correspondents also, should they be inclined to continue their favours, will find themselves treated as old acquaintances.

The conductors of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE, in conclusion, have only to hope that they shall not lose one subscriber by an alteration which will enable them better to deserve, and more boldly to challenge, public support.

Next Wednesday, for the convenience of the Subscribers to THE LITERARY CHRONICLE, copies of THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE will be delivered at the Office in Surrey Street, as well as at that in the Strand.

The Second Monthly Part of the New Series is now ready for delivery.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED:—Lanktree's Synopsis of Roman Antiquities, 18mo. 3s.—Grier's Epitome of the General Councils of the Church, 8vo. 9s.—Parriana, or Notices of Dr. Parr, 8vo. 16s.—Brand's Journal of a Voyage to Peru, 12s.—Orme's Memoirs of Urquhart, 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.—Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, improved by Dr. Gregory, 6 vols. 18mo. 15s.—Swiss Robinson, 7th edition, 7s. 6d.—Booth's Reign of Grace, by Dr. Chalmers, 12mo. 4s.—Hoffland's Good Grandmother, 2s. 6d.—Dr. Parr's Works, edited by Dr. Johnstone, 8 vols. 8vo. £7. 7s.—Caddick's Tales of the Affections, 7s.—Pillan's Letters on Teaching, 5s.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.**—The large and increasing circulation of Blackwood's Magazine throughout England and Ireland, as well as Scotland, and in the Colonies, renders it a peculiarly desirable channel for advertisements of Heritable Properties, and others of a miscellaneous character, which require to be extensively circulated; and as magazines are not so speedily thrown aside as newspapers, but continue to interest and to pass from hand to hand for a much longer period, the chances of the advertisements they contain being preserved, read, and attended to, are thereby greatly increased.

Advertisements are inserted on the following terms:—  
Not exceeding ten lines ..... £0 10 6  
Per line beyond ten ..... 0 0 6  
Half a column ..... 1 5 0  
A column ..... 2 2 0  
Whole page ..... 4 0 0

Bills stitched into Blackwood's Magazine at five guineas for a whole sheet, and at four guineas for a half-sheet, or under. Of these Seven Thousand copies are required.

Advertisements and Bills to be left with Mr. CADELL, 141, Strand, London, not later than the 8th, and at No. 17, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, not later than the 16th of the month.

## A NEW WORK ON IRELAND.

Published this day, in 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.  
**HISTORICAL SKETCHES of the ANCIENT NATIVE IRISH and their DESCENDANTS;** illustrative of their Past and Present State with regard to Literature, Education, and Oral Instruction.  
By CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON.

Printed for OLIVER and BOYD, Edinburgh; and GEO. B. WHITTAKER, London.

## STEWART'S MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

Published this day, in 18mo. price 3s. 6d. bound in red, illustrated by Nine Maps, and comprising at least double the quantity of matter that will be found in any Geographical Work of equal size.

**A COMPENDIUM of MODERN GEOGRAPHY:** with Remarks on the Physical Peculiarities, Productions, Commerce, and Government of the various Countries; Questions for Examination at the End of each Division; and Descriptive Tables, in which are given the Pronunciation, and a concise Account of all the Places that occur in the Work.

By the REV. ALEX. STEWART,  
Author of the History of Scotland, &c.  
Printed for OLIVER and BOYD, Edinburgh; and GEO. B. WHITTAKER, London.

Of whom may be had,

STEWART'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND, 12mo. 5s. bound.

STEWART'S Improved Edit. of GOLDSMITH'S ENGLAND. Third Edition, 12mo. 5s. bound.

STEWART'S STORIES from the HISTORY of SCOTLAND, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.

STEWART'S Improved Edition of CORNELIUS NEPOS, Fifth Edition, 18mo. 3s. bound.

Just published, Parts 1 and 2. Price 5s. each,  
**THE BIBLIOGRAPHER'S MANUAL,** by WILLIAM THOMAS LOWNDES.

being an account of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, published in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the invention of printing; with bibliographical and critical notices, collations of the rarer articles, and the prices at which they have sold in the present century.

This work will contain upwards of thirty thousand articles, in strictly alphabetical order, under the names of their respective authors, presenting a list of the principal works in every department of Literature.

As the Editor's attention has been devoted to the compilation of the Bibliographer's Manual for many years, he may perhaps, without the imputation of improper vanity, flatter himself that the result of his researches will become a useful, if not an indispensable addition to the libraries of Historians, Antiquaries, and Bibliographers, and, in fact, of all who are interested in the literature of their country.

The work will form twelve parts, demy octavo, printed in double columns, price five shillings each: a Part to be published regularly every alternate month, and will make, when completed, three handsome volumes. A few copies only are printed upon large paper, price 10s. each Part.

"The first part of the Bibliographer's Manual, justifies the expectation that the editor will perform his laborious undertaking with credit to himself, and advantage to the public; and we entertain sanguine hopes that so great a desideratum as a book of reference to the best works, on all subjects, will now be attained. We think highly both of the merits of Mr. Lowndes's plan, and of the research which his pages display."—Retrospective Review.

Published by WILLIAM PICKERING, Chancery Lane, London.



In a few days will be published, price Six Shillings.  
**THE FOREIGN REVIEW**, No. III.  
 BLACK, YOUNG, and YOUNG, 2, Tavistock  
 Street, Covent Garden.

This day is published, in foolscap 8vo. price 10s. 6d.  
**THE COURSE OF TIME**: a Poem, in Ten  
 Books.

By the REV. ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.  
 The Fifth Edition.  
 Printed for WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, Edinburgh;  
 and T. CADELL, Strand, London.

Just published, in 3 vols. 12mo. price £1. 1s. boards,  
 the Second Edition of

**THE RECTOR OF OVERTON**: a Novel.  
 "The narrative possesses considerable interest,  
 and the plot is somewhat novel."—*Ladies Monthly Mu-*  
*seum*.  
 FISHER, SON, and CO., 38, Newgate Street, London.

This day is published, handsomely printed in imperial  
 8vo. embellished with a Map and numerous Engrav-  
 ings, dedicated to Lord Auckland, price 30s. in bds.

**PORTUGAL ILLUSTRATED**,  
 By the REV. W. M. KINSEY, B.D.  
 Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Domestic Chap-  
 lain to the Right Hon. Lord Auckland.

Published by TREUTTEL and WURTZ, TREUTTEL,  
 JUN., and RICHTER, Foreign Bookseller to the King,  
 30, Soho Square.

Published this day, in 8vo. with numerous cuts, 7s. 6d.  
 boards,

**RUDIMENTS OF PLANE GEOMETRY**, in-  
 cluding Geometrical Analysis and Plane Trigo-  
 nometry. By JOHN LESLIE, Esq.

Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of  
 Edinburgh, and Corresponding Member of the Royal  
 Institute of France.

Printed for OLIVER and BOYD, Edinburgh; and  
 GEO. B. WHITTAKER, London.

On the 1st of August will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo.

**MEMOIRS OF GENERAL MILLER**, in the  
**SERVICE OF THE REPUBLIC OF PERU**,  
 containing an Account of the War of Independence;  
 Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Customs, of the  
 Inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru; with Ob-  
 servations on the Scenery, Soil, Productions, and Anti-  
 quities of Peru, &c. Illustrated by original Maps, and  
 Plans of the Battles of Chacabuco, Maypo, Junin,  
 Ayacucho, &c. By JOHN MILLER.

Printing for LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN,  
 and GREEN.

Just published, in crown 8vo. extra red cloth, boards,  
 Price 8s.

**CALENDAR OF KNIGHTS**; containing lists of  
 Knights, Bachelors, British Knights of Foreign  
 Orders, also Knights of the Garter, Thistle, Bath, St.  
 Patrick, and of the Guelphic and Ionian Orders, from the  
 year 1760 to the present time.

By FRANCIS TOWNSEND,  
 Puisiviant of Arms.

"Mr. Townsend has executed his task with intelli-  
 gence, industry, and success. His work will be found  
 extremely useful to many persons besides those who are  
 mentioned in it; whilst, to those who are recorded in its  
 pages, and their immediate friends, it forms a gratifying  
 record of rewards of arduous, civil, and military services,  
 or of the personal favour of our own and foreign sove-  
 reigns."—*Retrospective Review*, No. 5, new series.

Published by WILLIAM PICKERING, Chancery Lane,  
 London.

Just published, in 2 vols. 8vo. price 16s. boards,

**RECOLLECTIONS OF A SERVICE OF THREE**  
**YEARS DURING THE WAR OF EXTERMINA-**  
**TION IN THE REPUBLICS OF VENEZUELA AND CO-**  
**LOMBIA.**

By an OFFICER OF THE NAVY.

"It may, to many, be a sufficient recommendation of  
 this book, to say, that after taking it up, we only laid it  
 down on arriving at the end. The author's facts are vi-  
 vidly described; they bear the impress of truth; they  
 throw a full light upon the state of affairs in Colombia.  
 The varieties of his fortune, the extremities of his perils,  
 the activity of his life, the audacity of his enterprises,  
 equal those of any man we ever read of."—*Spectator*.

"The volumes before us are truly the most delightful  
 specimen of the romance of real life we ever read."—  
*London Weekly Review*.

"These volumes are valuable, as presenting a solitary  
 record of an extraordinary era in history, and full of in-  
 formation and amusement."—*Atlas*.

"This is a work of great interest and considerable no-  
 velty."—*Literary Chronicle*.

"We need not multiply extracts—the Recollections of  
 the Colombian Officer will soon have many readers."—  
*Scots' Times*.

Printed for HUNT and CLARKE, York Street, Covent  
 Garden.

On Monday next,

**T. LANDSEER'S MONKEYANA**, Part V.  
 CONTENTS:—Plate 1. L'Amour.—2. The  
 Spoiled Child, or not Content with 2s. 6d.—3. Ha! Ha!  
 very good.—4. Fashion as it is.

London: published by MOON, BOYS, and GRAVES,  
 (Successors to HURST, ROBINSON, and Co.) Printersellers  
 to the King, 6, Pall Mall; and by F. G. MOON, Thread-  
 needle Street. Of whom may be had,

Parts 1 to 4, each containing 4 plates. Prints, 9s.:  
 Proofs, 12s.; or, before the Letters, 21s. each.

Part 5, to complete the work, is in a forward state, and  
 will be published with all possible despatch.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY, VOL. XIX.**

Just published, in 1 vol. 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards, or in three  
 Parts, 1s. each; fine Edition, 6s. extra boards; with a  
 Portrait engraved by Scriven.

**THE LIFE OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE**,  
 WRITTEN by HIMSELF, and extracted from  
 his Journals. The American Edition of his Life and  
 Works, edited by his Son WILLIAM THEOBALD  
 WOLFE TONE.

"The present edition of the Memoirs of this re-  
 markable man contains the whole of his Autobiography,  
 with a cautious abridgment from his journal of such por-  
 tions as would be uninteresting to the general reader."

HUNT and CLARKE, York Street, Covent Garden.

Just published, in 12mo. price 6s. bound, blue cloth, gilt  
 leaves, and lettered on morocco,

**THE CARCANET, a LITERARY ALBUM**,  
 containing select passages from the most distin-  
 guished English Writers.

"These sheets contain part of an album into which  
 the writer has been accustomed to copy any passage re-  
 markable for its beauty, or for the truth which it ex-  
 pressed, whether in prose or verse, and without reference  
 to the period when the author lived. From these glean-  
 ings this little volume has been formed."—Preface.

"This selection, evidently made by a person of taste  
 and extensive reading, contains many valuable gems both  
 in prose and poetry. The book is very elegantly got up;  
 and this album has one great advantage over the many it  
 has been our doom to have placed in our hands, that the  
 good it contains is not overbalanced by uninteresting mat-  
 ter."—*London Weekly Review*.

"The Carcanet is a very elegant little volume, and  
 convinces us that the Album, from which its contents  
 have been selected, was formed by the hand of good sense  
 and good taste. We recommend it as excellently adapted  
 to furnish employment for the little waste portions of  
 time that are continually occurring, and to endow even  
 minutes with some treasure for futurity."—*Athenæum*.

Published by WILLIAM PICKERING, Chancery Lane  
 London.

**ELEMENTARY CLASSICS, &c.**

This day is published, by HOLDSWORTH and BALL,  
 18, St. Paul's Churchyard, and may be had in cloth,  
 or extra boards.

1. **FIRST STEPS to the LATIN CLASSICS**;  
 comprising Simple Sentences, progressively ar-  
 ranged, Directions for Construing, and a Literal Interli-  
 near Translation. With an Introductory Essay on the  
 Study of the Latin Language, and an Appendix of Ex-  
 ercises. By the Rev. James Hinton, A.M., and George  
 Cox. Price 2s. 6d.

2. **A KEY to the Exercises** contained in the Appen-  
 dix to the First Steps to the Latin Classics, for the use of  
 Private Students and Families, and Junior Teachers in  
 Schools. Price 1s. 6d.

3. **PARSING LESSONS** to the First Steps to the  
 Latin Classics, containing the Etymological and Syntac-  
 tical Parsing of every word in that Work. An enlarged  
 Table of the Declension of Nouns is prefixed to the Etym-  
 ological part, and an Appendix is given to the Syntac-  
 tical, containing all the necessary Rules of Syntax. Price  
 3s. 6d.

4. **THE COMPLETE SCHOOL ARITHMETIC**;  
 or a Systematic Preparation for all the Calculations of  
 Commerce. Part I. comprising WHOLE NUMBERS, in  
 TWO COURSES, adapted for the use of the youngest  
 learners. Price 2s. 6d.

The peculiarities of this Work consist in a regular gra-  
 dation of Rules, from the easiest to the most difficult,  
 in the science of Arithmetic; simplicity of explanation, and  
 a frequent recurrence to first principles; a combination  
 of theory and practice, including the actual forms of Bu-  
 siness; and four different Sets of Exercises to each Rule.

5. **A KEY to Part I. of the COMPLETE SCHOOL**  
**ARITHMETIC**, in which are given all the Answers to  
 the Exercises which occur in that Part; together with  
 Explanations, and every Exercise that requires it worked  
 in full. Price 2s. 6d.

"The Oxford School, conducted by Messrs. H.  
 and C., (the Authors of the Works named above,) will  
 re-open, after the Midsummer Vacation, on July 25.  
 Cards of the Terms may be had at MESSRS. HOLDS-  
 WORTH and BALL, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard; MR.  
 SMITH, 126, Houndsditch; and MR. ROBERTSON, 47,  
 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly.

**NEW BOOKS,**

Printed for and Published by SAMUEL MAUNDER,  
 10, Newgate Street; and sold by all Booksellers in the  
 Kingdom.

1. **THE OMNIPRESENCE of the DEITY**: a  
 POEM. Dedicated, by permission, to the  
 Lord Bishop of London.

By ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Post 8vo. fifth edition, price 7s. 6d. boards.

"In every page we find 'thoughts that breathe, and  
 words that burn.' The author appears to have felt that  
 he stood in the presence of Him whose greatness he was  
 celebrating; to Him he has prayed for inspiration, and  
 from Him he has received it."—"A purer body of ethics  
 we have never read, and he who could peruse it without  
 emotion, clothed as it is in the graceful garb of poetry,  
 must have a very cold and insensible heart."—*Vide The*  
*Times*, April 1.

"It is, indeed, a magnificent and sublime composi-  
 tion; in the very highest class of English sacred poesy."  
 —*Lit. Gaz.*

2. **DEATH'S DOINGS**: Second Edition. Consist-  
 ing of Thirty Copper-plate Engravings, by R. Dagley;  
 with Illustrations in Prose and Verse, by many of the  
 most popular Writers of the day. 2 vols. 8vo. boards,  
 price 24s.

3. **THE TALE of a MODERN GENIUS**. 3 vols.  
 boards, price 24s.

"It is impossible to read the story without being in-  
 terested."—*Literary Chronicle*.

4. **THE PUFFIAD**: a Satire. Post 8vo. boards,  
 price 6s.

5. **FACETIÆ CANTABRIGIENSES**. With a  
 Portrait of Porson. Foolscap 8vo. price 5s.

6. **A PICTURESQUE TOUR** by the New Road  
 over the SPLUGEN. Illustrated by 13 Views, taken  
 on the spot, by G. C. Esq. Royal 4to. price 21s.

7. **TAVERN ANECDOTES**. A Lounge-Book for  
 Londoners and their Country Cousins. With a humorous  
 Frontispiece. Foolscap 8vo. price 6s.

8. **SCENES IN PALESTINE**; or, Dramatic Sketches  
 from the Bible. By J. F. Pennie, Author of *The Tale*  
*of a Modern Genius*, &c. &c. price 5s.

"There is a richness of versification, often rising into  
 sublimity, in some of these pieces, which would do credit  
 to any poet of the present day."—*Literary Chronicle*.

9. **FAIRY FAVOURS**, with other Tales. By E. F.  
 Dagley, Authoress of *The Birth-Day*. Price 5s.

10. **THE LITTLE LEXICON**; or, "Multum in  
 Parvo" of the English Language. An Unique Diction-  
 ary, remarkable for its diminutive size, its clear and dis-  
 tinct type, and its accuracy.—Royal 72mo. price, in bds.  
 4s. 6d.; roan or calf let. 6s. 6d.; ditto, tuck, 7s.; mor.  
 gilt, 7s. 6d.; mor. tuck, 8s.; mor. lock, 9s.

"If this volume is small enough to be called a toy,  
 (for it is about the length of the 'fore-finger of an alder-  
 man,) it is well enough done to be thought a very useful  
 abridgment of Dr. Johnson's great Dictionary."—*Lit.*  
*Gaz.*

11. **THE MINIATURE GRAMMAR**. Printed  
 on the same Plan. Price 1s.

"A perfect Tom Thumb of grammars, and a worthy  
 companion of the Little Lexicon."—*Ibid.*

12. **MISCELLANEOUS ENGLISH EXAM-**  
**PLES**; containing numerous Exercises, with a Key.  
 Being a Sequel to the *Miniature Grammar*, price 1s.

13. **THE ECONOMIST of TIME**; or, Golden  
 Rules for growing "Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise."  
 Founded chiefly upon Dr. Franklin's model. Price 1s.

14. **THE PRACTICAL ECONOMIST of TIME**;  
 with the Tables ruled for One Year, according to Dr.  
 Franklin's plan. Price 1s.

N.B. The two, neatly done up in a case, price 3s.

15. **THE COMPLETE ANGLER**; or, Contem-  
 plative Man's Recreation. By Isaac Walton and Charles  
 Cotton. With correct Engravings of the River-Fish, and  
 Portraits of the Authors. Foolscap 8vo. neat. Price 6s.

16. **THE STRANGER'S GUIDE**; or, New Am-  
 bulator for the Tour of 25 Miles round the Metropolis.  
 With a correct Map. 4s. 6d. boards.

17. **PLATT'S HISTORICAL CLASS-BOOK**;  
 containing Lessons for every Day in the Year; with ap-  
 propriate Sunday Lessons. Price 5s. bound.

18. **THE HOUSEWIFE'S DIRECTORY**; a  
 Complete System of Domestic Economy. Price 4s. 6d.  
 bound in red cloth.

19. **NETWORK**; or, Thoughts in Idleness. Fools-  
 cap 8vo. neat. Price 5s. boards.

20. **THE NEW UNIVERSAL LETTER-WRI-**  
**TER**. A perfectly original Work, and quite adapted to  
 the habits and manners of the present day. Price 3s.

London: published by DAVIDSON, 2, Surrey Street, Strand,  
 where Advertisements are received, and Communications  
 "for the Editor" (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also  
 by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Sherwood  
 and Co., Paternoster Row; by all Booksellers and News-  
 venders in the United Kingdom; and at Paris by Bobee et  
 Hingray.—G. Davidson, Printer, Serle's Place, Carey Street.



NDER,  
s in the  
ITY: a  
to the

he, and  
felt that  
he was  
on, and  
of ethics  
without  
poetry,  
ide The  
omposi-  
poesy."

Consist-  
agley;  
of the  
boards,  
3 vols.

eing in-  
boards,

With a  
v Road  
s, take  
t.  
look for  
morous  
sketches  
he Tale

ng into  
o credit  
cle.  
y E. F.

tum in  
Diction-  
and dis-  
in bds.  
; mor.

d a toy,  
a alder-  
useful  
—Lit.

Printed  
worthy

XAM-  
a Key.  
ls.

Golden  
Wise."  
ce ls.

TIME:  
to Dr.

3s.  
ontem-  
Charles  
sh, and  
rice 6s.  
y Am-  
opolis.

OOK:  
th ap-

Y; a  
4s. 6d.

Fools-

WRI-  
pted to  
3s.

Strand,  
cations  
ld also  
erwood  
News-  
obee et  
Street.